

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 762

Week Ending  
OCTOBER 28, 1933

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere  
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d

## THE ATTEMPT TO BROWBEAT EUROPE

### HITLER'S CHALLENGE TO EUROPE

#### THE WRONG WAY WITH THE WORLD

#### Dictator's Clumsy Idea of Putting Injustices Right

#### GREAT BLOW AT PEACE

The world has been suddenly flung into the midst of one of those great conflicts which are not between Right and Wrong but between Right and Right.

It was a great German who said that the tragedy of the world is so often the war between Right and Right, and it is a smaller German who has brought it to our mind once more.

Herr Hitler, who has led his people like lambs to the slaughter of their liberties, who has closed all sources of information to them except those he wishes to keep open, who has disposed of all criticism by violent means, has startled the world by his defiance of the Powers. He has left the Disarmament Conference at the moment of success and is withdrawing from the League of Nations itself.

#### Thwarting Peace and Justice

As he has defied Liberty itself within the borders of Germany so he defies Civilisation without.

We have called this a conflict between Right and Right because all the world admits that Germany has some right to complain. The C.N. has said it a hundred times, and there is no doubt that Germany has been cheated. She ought to have had equality long ago, and it is not surprising that she is goaded to despair. We believe that it is perfectly true today that German women kneel down and pray to Hitler, the man who has set them free.

And yet it is Herr Hitler himself who has thwarted the chance of peace and delayed the hope of justice. If it was the injustice of the Peace Treaty which destroyed the reconciling spirit in Germany and put Herr Hitler in power, it is Herr Hitler who, at the very moment of success, has refused the chance of peace that was offered him.

#### The New World Terror

He has made Germany a new terror in the world. In spite of his words of peace he is training her for war as fast as he can. It cannot be denied, for the evidence is everywhere. Her young men are drilling and singing songs of hate again. Her newspapers are controlled so that the truth is kept from the German people as in the days of the war. His enemies are thrown into concentration camps. No voice is heard against him through the length and breadth of Germany, for none dare speak. He has called a General Election to put the nation behind him, and only his candidates are allowed to stand. So it comes about that the nations

### Germany's Napoleon



The German Dictator at the microphone declaring his will for peace after rejecting the Peace Plan which would have set Europe on the road to final disarmament and equality.

which were ready to disarm down to Germany's level, and to give her equality in Europe, have been seized with fear of Germany's intentions. They would wait a little while, and it was proposed that for four years there should be a trial time in which all nations should prove their good faith. At the end of the four years, if all was well, they would begin to disarm until Germany's arms were equal with theirs. They were not such good terms as a peaceful Germany could have exacted, but they were the best terms the nations were willing to offer the militarised Germany of Herr Hitler.

It was these terms that Herr Hitler refused in a broadcast speech to the German people, making noble professions of peace and offering to shake hands with France. Nothing could be better than some of the things he said, but the words of Herr Hitler do not agree with his deeds, and the sad truth is that the world cannot trust him.

It seems to most people that, as Herr Hitler has browbeaten the German people, it has occurred to him that he can browbeat Europe too. He cannot.

If Germany is united behind Hitler the world is happily united behind the determination that he shall not be allowed to create a new war. However great the injustices under which Germany suffers, they cannot be mended by war. It is the most hopeful fact of the situation that in the presence of this great crisis the whole world was calm, and day after day there was no sign of hysteria or panic anywhere.

As for the breaking up of the Disarmament Conference the attempt failed entirely, for it is to go on, and this is what Mr Henderson, its President, said in the midst of the crisis:

The struggle for disarmament must go on, and the Covenant of the League must not be treated as a scrap of paper.

It cost ten million dead and twenty million wounded to bring the League of Nations into being.

We will not break faith with the dead, who fell that there might be no more war. We will not suffer the hope of peace to be killed. We will not let the world be plunged into barbarism from another world war.

### HITLER'S CONJURING TRICK

#### THE WAY OF DICTATORS IN TROUBLE

#### A Master Stroke of Strategy and Cunning

#### WHY THE WORLD WAS CALM

Continued from the previous column

It is felt, of course, that the crisis Herr Hitler has produced is grave, and that the blow at the League is pitiful indeed, for there are four great nations outside it now and only three inside. But it is felt also that there is good reason for believing that this hurricane which burst so suddenly upon Geneva may not be so bad as it seems in the end. It may be a gigantic bluff called by Herr Hitler to get better terms, knowing that nothing very terrible would happen because the world would refuse to fight.

But there is another reason why the world was calm, and that is the conviction that this challenge to Europe was nothing more than the usual conjuring trick of a Dictator to strengthen his position. Winter is coming and things have not gone smoothly with Hitler.

#### The Reason Why

The genuine idealists in the Nazi movement have been disappointed. The persecution of the Jews and the exile of hundreds of Germany's noblest citizens have isolated Germany in the world. The slowing-down of the Socialist programme has caused great regret, the Reichstag fire trial has become a farce—so much so that even the Public Prosecutor has to describe a Prussian official statement about it as a lie.

By his theatrical stroke Hitler has taken the mind of the German people off these things and lifted them up with the feeling that here is a man who is defying the world and will lead them on to justice and power. He will have his election—very cleverly arranged for the day after Armistice Day, though even this was not necessary as no German dare call his soul his own, and the whole nation must vote Hitler.

So his master stroke will save him from whatever dangers encompass him about, and will give him breathing time at no great risk.

It is because the world understands these things that it has remained calm in a crisis which might easily have filled every capital in Europe with alarm.

#### A GOOD IDEA FROM GERMANY

In German streets are often to be seen men and women wearing a conspicuous yellow armlet with a triangle of big black dots resembling the road sign for forbidden traffic.

It is a warning that here is someone blind or deaf or in some way needing special protection from passing cars.



## THE PLAN GERMANY REJECTED

### WORLD'S FARTHEST-YET IN DISARMAMENT

What the Nations Had Agreed Upon

### A FEW YEARS OF WAITING FOR A GREAT EVENT

The proposals for the Disarmament Convention put forward by Sir John Simon a few hours before Germany's withdrawal from the League were the best which have so far received a general consent. This is the scheme which was rejected by the German Chancellor.

The British draft Convention, to last five years, should be extended from five to eight years, during every year of which a defined programme should be performed by all the subscribing nations.

Then, by the end of that period, the heavily-armed nations would have completed a substantial measure of disarmament and the principles of equality and security for all nations would be an accomplished fact. Both disarmament and equality were thus to be reached simultaneously.

#### The First Step

Immediately the Convention was signed, and without waiting for ratification, an international body known as the Permanent Disarmament Commission should be set up to visit each country and see that the measures agreed to were being loyally observed.

The first step to be undertaken was the transformation of the Continental armies into short-service troops armed only with defensive weapons. Some nations stated that this would take four years, but others suggested that this period could be shortened. The Convention would have to define to what extent armaments were to be reduced by the end of the full period, say, in eight years. This disarmament must be as substantial as that set out in the British draft.

#### Permitted Arms

Equally definite was the establishment of a common list of permitted arms for all countries, an agreed list in which Germany and her war allies would stand exactly on the same footing as the others. The quantities of these permitted arms would be the subject of negotiation and agreement.

Immediately the Convention was signed every nation would begin to work to its disarmament time-table, and no Government might manufacture or acquire any of the types of weapons to be eventually abolished.

This meant that, though Germany could manufacture the additional weapons needed for the extra 100,000 short-service troops allowed under the British scheme, she could not manufacture weapons which are eventually to be abolished by all countries.

## THE FLYING AGE

### 200,000 Miles of Airways

The world is rapidly being covered with a network of airways.

When civil flying began soon after the war the world's airlines covered only about 3000 miles. Today there are more than 200,000 miles of airways.

Europe alone has 60,000 miles, operated by about 800 machines. About 150 cities on the Continent are connected with London by air.

## ST PAUL'S ON WET SAND

### RESULT OF A NEW SURVEY

What Would Happen if the Sand Became Dry

### CATHEDRAL MIGHT TOPPLE LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS

To be founded on rock and not on sand has been the dream of church builders since the days when Christ walked in Galilee, and the builders of the early churches tried to secure for them foundations strong enough for centuries.

It strikes one, therefore, as a paradox to state that London's great cathedral relies for its stability not on rock but on sand and flowing water. Yet it is so, and the authorities have for years now been anxious that the water below the cathedral should flow there undisturbed.

St Paul's, the heaviest building in the City of London, rests on foundations only four or five feet deep. Below them is a six-foot layer of earth, and below this

## The Book the World Is Waiting For

ARTHUR MEE'S 1000 HEROES, now appearing in 6d weekly parts, will be complete next year.

It will take you into every age and every land and reveal the heroic spirit in the life of the world.

It will tell you of the heroes everybody knows and the heroes nobody knows, those who have saved nations and great causes, those who carry on the perilous life of the world unguessed at.

It will make up three of the finest volumes in the world, filled with inspiration for Youth. No Pessimist need buy it, for it is full of Hope. It is the book of

## The Courage the World Is Waiting For

earth is a bed of sand 20 feet in depth. This sand is wet, and is kept so by streams which flow from the Cheapside corner toward Blackfriars and cause the sandy strata to occupy a bigger space than if it were dry. Should the water be prevented from flowing through this sand there would be such a shrinkage below the cathedral that its walls and pillars would sink and the whole structure topple like a house of cards.

Anyone who has witnessed the building of the great City banks and blocks of offices will have been struck by the depth to which the foundations are carried, piercing not only the brick earth but the sand strata below it until the solid London clay is reached. The authorities responsible for St Paul's are very anxious that deep foundations of this nature should not be dug in the neighbourhood of the cathedral, for the building replacing the excavated sand would be an effective dam to the water formerly flowing through that sand and onward through the part below St Paul's.

#### A Recent Survey

Engineers have been surveying the neighbourhood during the past two years, and their report is to be considered, not only by the cathedral authorities but also by the City Corporation, because if the cathedral is to be saved from this menace a Bill will have to be passed by Parliament prohibiting interference with the sand-bed over a defined area of the City. Such a Bill will, of course, prevent property owners from rebuilding on modern lines.

## SOON LEE SAILS FOR THE THAMES

### A PIRATE SHIP MAKING FOR LONDON

Painted Eyes Without Which No Chinese Ship Can See Her Way

### TWO YOUNG MEN IN A JUNK

A Chinese junk, formerly engaged in the pirate business, is on her slow way across the world on a visit to the Thames.

The Soon Lee is the name of this junk, which two young men, an Australian and a resident of Singapore, are sailing from Singapore via the Red Sea and Suez to London. They do not, however, intend to do any pirating on the way. The only gun they carry is an old Portuguese cannon, a curio as antiquated as the junk is strange. They left Singapore last March, and from the scanty reports received should now be running through the Red Sea.

The owners have installed a small auxiliary engine (the only important alteration made to the vessel) to help them on this hot stage of the voyage where the winds are not reliable; but wherever it is possible they will depend on sails alone.

#### An Ancient Pattern

The Soon Lee is a true example of the Hokien or North China junk, built according to a pattern popular 2000 years ago as best resisting the typhoons of the China Sea. Her new owners predict that she will stand up to any weather, though, as she is flat-bottomed and very high out of the water, she is inclined to roll a good deal even in a light swell. The Chinese carpenters engaged to build in bunks, drawers, and a table soon found this roll too much for them; they all became seasick, and the work had to be finished by the owners.

Because of her build the Soon Lee makes a lot of leeway when tacking, but with the wind she is very fast. A pirate ship has to be fast to overhail her prey. Having done this the modern procedure is for the pirate captain to show her guns and then say to the indignant skipper of the victim: "These waters are very dangerous. We will escort you and protect you. The fee is so-and-so." Sometimes these protection ships, as they are ironically called, work in pairs. One manoeuvres each side of the arrested ship with the stout cable between them across her bows.

#### A Rare Sight

Two big Chinese protection ships can be quite formidable foes, but the Soon Lee is only a baby of 14 tons, with two big masts. Her nose is blunt and her poop rises in a high sweep like a big duck sitting on the water; but a very gaudy duck, for Ah Goon, the Chinese boy who decorated her, chose a royal blue with big red and white squares here and there, and a big golden serpent wriggling along the side. He put her name in Chinese characters and many other strange symbolic and startling designs round her stern, not forgetting the two large black and white eyes, like the staring, lidless ones of a shark, without which no Chinese ship can see her way.

Soon Lee will be a rare sight in the Thames when she eventually gets here.

#### THE HEROES

*Don't worry about me—there are others much more serious.*

That was what a wounded sailor said to rescuers after the explosion on Submarine L 26.

His back was broken, and he was suffering terrible pain, but his only concern was for others. It is in the tradition of the greatest heroes.

The B.B.C. is dropping its birthdays in the Children's Hour.

## NEWSPAPER WITH A BLANK PAGE

### FINE MANIFESTO STOPPED BY DOLLFUSS

Stirring Protest on Behalf of Austria's Working People

### NO GERMAN PRISON WANTED

The public sale of the Austrian Socialist newspaper the Arbeiter Zeitung has been prohibited for a month; it may only be sent to its subscribers by mail at twice the usual postage rate.

This action is due to the setting in type for its front page of a manifesto by the Social Democrats pointing out the danger of Fascism to the working-classes of Austria. At the last moment this manifesto was censored and removed from the printing machine, the newspaper being sold with a blank front page.

Whether, in view of the Nazi danger, the Government of Dr Dollfuss was justified in its action or not, this Democratic manifesto is a striking declaration on behalf of right and freedom, denouncing the spirit of Fascism and maintaining the independence of Austria against the threats of Hitlerite Germany.

#### The Italian Model

After pointing out that the Italian model has involved the suppression of every liberty in Italy, where there is no longer any freedom of association, of meeting, or of the Press, and where bureaucratic Governments have taken the place of freely-elected councils, the writers protest against the new decree subjecting citizens to arrest on mere suspicion, for this decree sets aside the constitutional law guaranteeing the liberties and rights of citizens which has been in force since 1867.

They declare that the Austrian working-classes have avoided any action which might give the Nazis an opening, and therefore the Heimwehr party (the party now in power in Austria) should do the same. Millions of Austrian citizens who a year ago were partisans of union with Germany were today defending the independence of Austria against the Germany of Hitler. They did so for freedom's sake. *They would not go into the German prison.*

#### For Freedom's Sake

They wanted to maintain Austria independent as a home for German liberty. If liberty was to be destroyed in Austria too, would there not be the gravest danger that the ardour of hundreds of thousands now firmly resolved to defend the independence of Austria for freedom's sake would be destroyed? The Austrian working-classes had witnessed the terrible fate of their comrades in the German Reich; taught by that lesson they would not submit to Fascism without a struggle. The working-classes threatened no man, neither townsman nor peasant, and asked nothing more than that democracy should be maintained with the right of the whole people to self-determination, with liberty and equality of rights for all citizens.

## THINGS SAID

Free gifts cost one big tobacco combine about £1,500,000 a year.

Mr H. E. Beale

The first-class man can do about five times the work of the average man.

Sir John Reith

The real reason for democracy is that it produces better citizens, who can think and act for themselves.

Marquess of Lothian

The average age of the Scottish herring fleet vessels is over 25 years.

Sir Godfrey Collins

The canal system was a far greater revolution in industrial development than the railways.

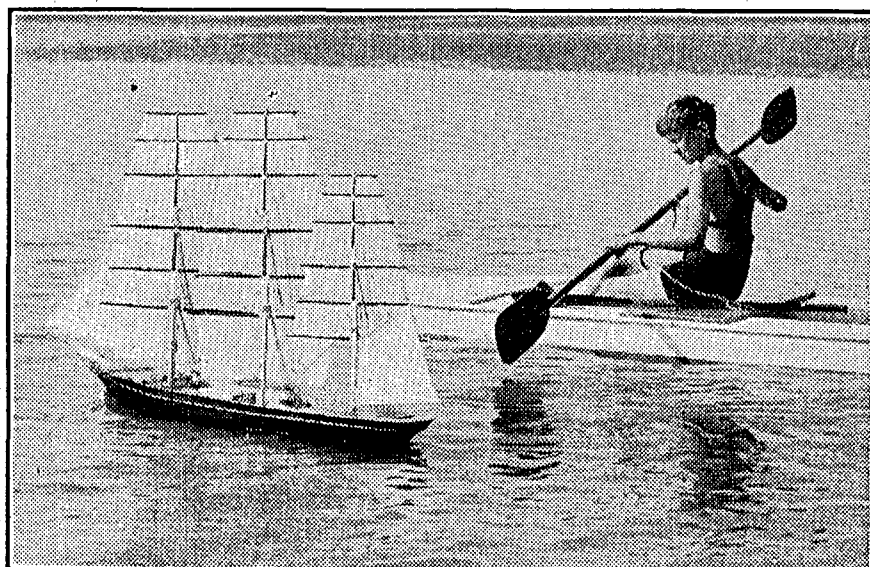
Mr Oliver Stanley



# MODEL TEA CLIPPER · BABY CHIMPANZEE · RAILWAY EXHIBITION



**Over the Gate**—Girls of a Middlesex athletic club are here seen climbing a gate during one of the first cross-country runs of the season at Pinner.



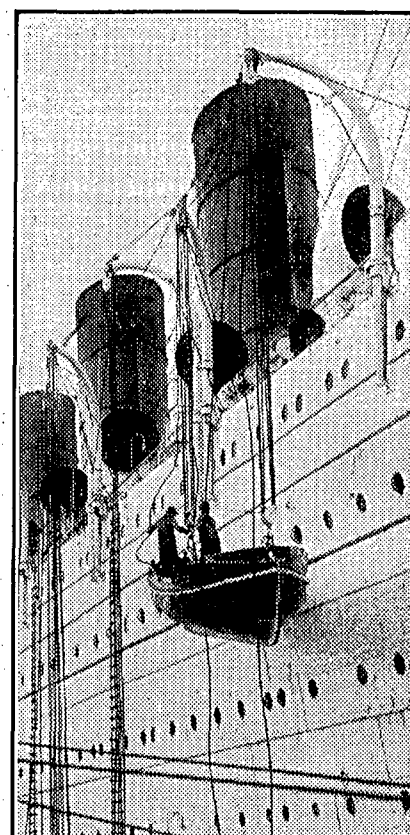
**In Full Sail**—A visitor to Camber in Sussex has built this model of the Caliph, one of the famous old clippers that used to race home with cargoes of tea from China.



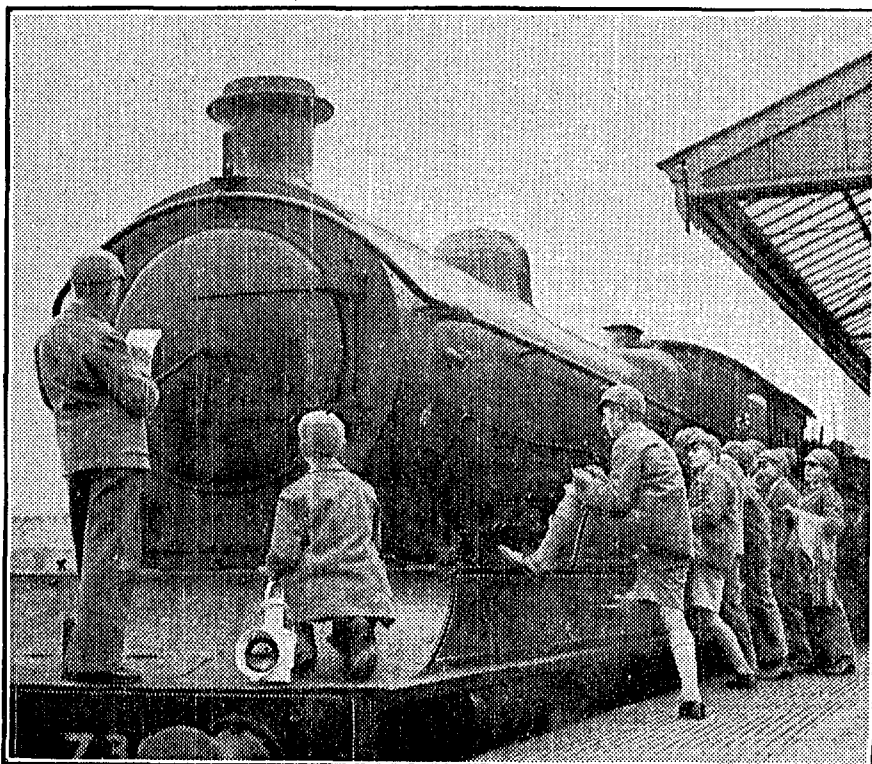
**In the Oyster Beds**—Here are two workers at Arcachon in France, where 60 million oysters are produced every year.



**Baby Chimp**—The Bristol Zoo has a little chimpanzee only eight weeks old which has been placed in the care of Markeene, a grown-up chimpanzee.



**Liner's Lifeboat**—The Mauretania is laid up at Southampton for an overhaul. Here is one of her lifeboats being lowered.



**Railway Exhibition**—Schoolboys were among the earliest visitors to a L.N.E.R. exhibition at Newcastle-on-Tyne. The picture shows them studying an engine.



**Beachcombers**—These people, some of them among the otherwise unemployed, are carefully searching the beach at Brighton for lost articles washed up by an autumn gale.



## MR BALDWIN LOOKS ROUND THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER AT HOME

The Anxious Situation on  
the Continent

### BULWARK OF OUR BRITISH LIBERTY

Mr Baldwin has been looking round, surveying the situation at home and abroad at a conference of his party. We take these passages from his well-considered speech at Birmingham.

I am never given, I hope, to words of extravagance, but I say deliberately that the trade of the country is better, much better, than twelve months ago. And I will add this, it is better than the trade of any other industrial country in the world. That does not mean it is all right yet. We have a long way to go, but we are moving forward now with hope, and in the right direction.

But bear this in mind. This is a country dependent largely on her export trade, and some time there will come a point when we shall have advanced in the direction of prosperity as far as we can advance on our own without improvement. World conditions are not good. They are affected largely by economic conditions, but there is a psychological cause over and above the economic one—an absence of confidence.

#### Our Signature

That want of confidence is the child of fear, and fear on the Continent of Europe is the fear of war. That is one reason why it is imperative, if it can be done, to bring about a Disarmament Convention.

If that convention be signed the nation that breaks it will have no friend in this civilised world, and the same is true of any nation which deliberately prevents such an agreement being reached.

But (and really I apologise for even alluding to this) there is a fear in the world that our country has less regard than she had for the sanctity of agreements entered into since the war which may contribute to the peace of Europe. I say this: What Great Britain has signed she will adhere to. Her signature is sacred.

#### Europe's Peril

I wish to say a word to you as to the Disarmament Convention.

If rearmament began in Europe you may say goodbye to any restoration of cuts, to any reduction of taxation for a generation. We may have to face these things and realise what it is we are up against. With some nations the expenditure that would be involved in increasing armaments would bring them much nearer to financial catastrophe; it might even bankrupt some.

Few can be so careless, so ignorant, as not to have noticed how the very foundations of our mid-European, Western European civilisation have rocked in these last 15 years. They cannot stand a second explosion akin to one that wrought such damage back in 1914, and you cannot wonder at the anxiety with which his Majesty's Government now is endeavouring in every way to come to some agreement with regard to limitation of arms.

#### A Crude Proposition

There are many people who say "Cut away from Europe, cut out of Europe." It always strikes me that before the invention of the internal combustion engine that may have been an arguable proposition. Today I think it is both crude and childish.

On the question of the maintenance of the Constitution, it is strange that in this year of grace our Constitution of all others should be challenged.

It is no ready-made article; it has grown through the centuries as native to our country and people as the oak, ash, or thorn. It has given her people freedom

## THE TESTING-TIME AHEAD OF US

More Severe Than  
the War?

WE MUST ALL LIVE SIMPLE LIVES

By Dean Inge

We take these notable words from a recent sermon by the Dean of St Paul's.

A grim time lies ahead of us, which will test our national character perhaps even more severely than the war itself. In every field it is difficult to predict what the future will bring forth.

The next 30 years must be a time for recuperation. We must keep our eyes not so much on the immediate future as on the generation which will inhabit England when we are gone. For them we must make sacrifices.

We must work out a reform of education which will place the choicest treasures of our ancient glorious civilisation within the reach of all who can appreciate them.

#### Habits of Self-Denial

Even the richer class must realise for their own sakes that if they are to exist at all it can only be by continuing those habits of self-denial which most of them learned to practise bravely and cheerfully during the war. They will have to choose between simplifying their mode of life or withdrawing altogether.

I hope that our upper and professional classes will choose the better way.

When one visits a public school or university and looks at the boys—perhaps the finest specimens of the human race that can be found anywhere—one feels what a loss to the country and the world it would be if their class were to disappear. But the danger exists, as all know who have studied vital statistics, and the causes of it will go up. The only remedy for it is to adopt, voluntarily, a standard of living suitable to the changed conditions under which our children will have to live.

There are a few who are still really rich. I think it is their bounden duty not to set a standard of expenditure which is impossible for their class as a whole. They ought not to make things difficult for the majority.

#### NO ROOM FOR GOETHE?

After Einstein, Goethe. One of Herr Hitler's Ministers in Bavaria, at the unveiling of a bust of Goethe, had a new idea of Germany's great writer to put before us.

Herr Esser accused the poet of having been "internationally minded" and a stranger to his people. He said he had not contributed one iota to the national movement for liberation of his day. The Minister intimated that he deprecated the unveiling of memorials to Goethe.

Continued from the previous column

and taught them the difference between freedom and licence. That is the Constitution that is threatened today.

You may dispute as much as you like, but taking away the executive power of the House of Commons is the way every tyranny starts.

These schemes are not of English origin. They belong to countries who do not know what freedom means and have been unable to maintain Parliamentary government. They are alien in their conception, alien in their tradition, and alien in action; and for myself I would only repeat the words of a great Englishman who lived in the seventeenth century who, speaking of himself and his friends, said this: "For the earth of England I would rather die than see a spike of English grass trampled down by a foreign troop. If he thinketh there are a great many of his mind, for all plants are apt to taste of the soil in which they grow, and we that grow here have that root, that produceth in us a stalk of English juice which is not to be changed by grafting a foreign infusion."

## ARTHUR MEE'S WORD TO YOUTH

HIS SIXPENNY BOOK OF  
GOOD COURAGE

Marvellous Stories of His  
Thousand Heroes

THE MEN WHO MADE OUR  
WORLD FOR US

Arthur Mee's books and papers were broadcasting good things about the world before the B.B.C. was born. They have been declared by a Government Committee to be beyond need of praise.

Of his Children's Encyclopedia, the best-loved book in the world, there are more copies in existence than of any other encyclopedia under the Sun. No other writer of our time has had anything like Arthur Mee's influence on the coming generation.

#### Conquerors of Despair

Now Arthur Mee has been looking about and has picked out the men who have conquered despair and built up victory. He has taken ordinary people who have found themselves up against Fate and Circumstance and told us their story. His heroes are the men who made our World.

It is not true, he says, that there is no chance for Youth in these days: there have been dark days before and men have overcome them. What we have to do is to believe in ourselves and in the boundless chances of this brave new world. If we believe in something with a faith strong enough to move mountains it will be ours.

Our century is young, but when it began there was no motor-car, no kinema, no wireless, no aeroplane. They were all born yesterday; tomorrow there will be other things from the brain of somebody thinking out his chances now. Perhaps it will be you. What you want is Faith and Courage.

#### They Went On

So Arthur Mee's new sixpenny book tells us of his thousand heroes. They were often afraid, but they went on. Nothing could stop them. They were crushed in the wheels of Circumstance. They were put in chains. They were broken by poverty, threatened by tyrants, scoffed at and beaten, yet they went on. One saved the children from the factory. One freed the slaves. One made this country clean. One set all our wheels going faster. Every hour of the world owes something to them.

That is Arthur Mee's story. Read it. It will thrill you and inspire you as no other book will do. Ask for

Arthur Mee's 1000 Heroes

On every bookstall now

## THE BLACK STATE FUTURE OF LIBERIA

League Scheme For Putting the  
Negro Republic in Order

AMERICAN CONTROL

The future of Liberia is again to be discussed at Geneva, the Liberian Secretary of State, Mr Grimes, having gone there to protest against the reorganisation of his country advocated by the Council of the League.

C.N. readers will remember the cruelties and slavery practised by the Liberians a year or two ago and the Report to the League of a Commission set up to investigate the true state of affairs. Not only was the administration of Liberia defective, but its finances have become so hopeless that Liberia appealed to the League for advice.

#### What the League Council Proposes

The League experts have made many visits to the country, and the Council proposes to divide Liberia into three Provinces with a chief adviser over all, two foreign medical advisers (for the sanitary conditions are appalling), and a financial adviser. Over each province there should be a Commissioner.

Owing to the difficulty arising from the wild tribes within and without the borders it is suggested that the President of the United States should nominate an officer to organise a special force of Liberians.

It is proposed that many of these new officials shall be Americans, and all are to be white men, with salaries paid for by Liberia equal in amount to those paid to white administrators in West Africa.

The reason for the predominance of American administrators is that America has in the past advanced money to Liberia in return for privileges in establishing rubber plantations. The Liberian Government practically repudiated the debt, protesting against the amount of interest, which was 7 per cent. In future the interest on the loan is to be 5 per cent, and the Liberian Government will be prevented from granting monopolies to other foreign countries. Dr Grimes is protesting that this restriction and the appointment of an American as chief adviser infringes the sovereign status of his country, especially as his salary will exceed that of the President of the Republic.

#### Slavery and Corruption

Unfortunately for Mr Grimes there is no question that this Negro State of Liberia has proved itself shamefully incapable of running itself. Lord Cecil points out that the charges of slavery and corruption have been proved, and that Liberia must now definitely accept or reject the plan of the League.

Apart from local reasons, the nations of the League are concerned for the future of Liberia, France having a Treaty right to police the districts on the other side of its border and power to cross the frontier in the interests of order, we ourselves objecting to the effect Liberian unrest has on the natives of adjacent Colonies, and America feeling a sense of responsibility for this black republic which she herself created about a hundred years ago.

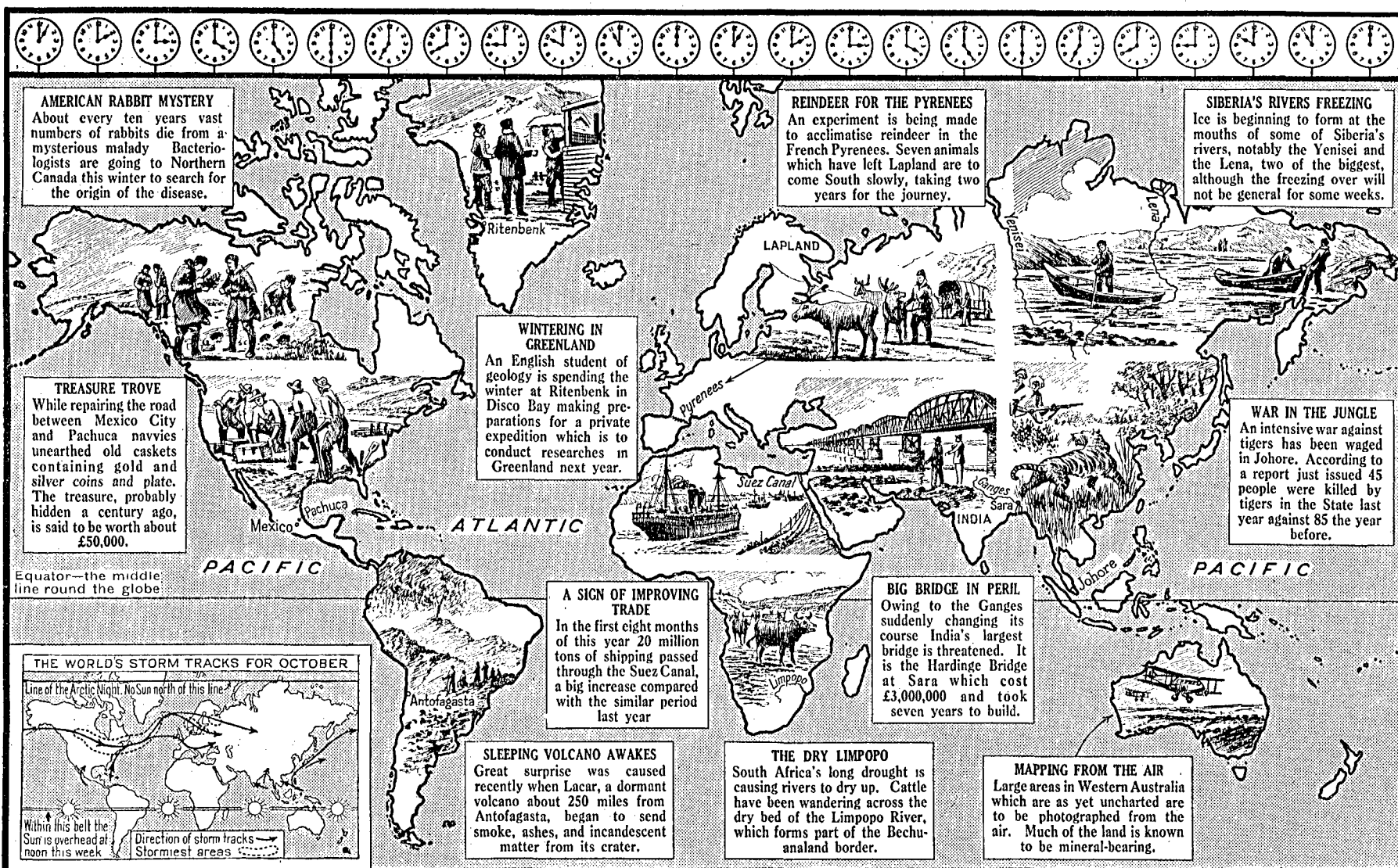
#### 50 SLUM SCHEMES A DAY

We recently drew attention to the fact that many local authorities had not presented their slum abolition schemes to the Ministry of Health. We are glad to note that Sir Hilton Young reports that the laggard bodies have been since September 30 rushing in their plans at the rate of 50 a day. The Minister speaks confidently of clearing 200,000 slum dwellings in five years.

That means the rehousing of over a million men, women, and children. The cost will approach £100,000,000; spread over 260 weeks this means an expenditure on a great national purpose of less than £400,000 a week.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## LATE NEWS

### An Honest Man in 1833 TALE OF A GROTTTO

We are exactly a hundred years late with this story, but we have a good excuse: we were not there to print it at the time. Had there been a C.N. in 1833 we should have loved to tell the story; as it is we give it as it was printed in The Times one October day in 1833.

A few days ago some children were playing in the Kent Road, near Blackheath, amusing themselves with making grottoes of oyster shells, and, in order to give effect, one of the children went home and begged of his mother to let him have two old pictures that were lying about the house, and considered but as useless lumber, to adorn their grotto. This was readily granted, and the old pictures were placed on each side of the grotto.

In a short time a Jew dealer came by, and after looking at the pictures for some time he offered to give the children sixpence for them; the children refused, and said that they belonged to their parents. The Jew at last offered 5s, but was still refused, and at last went to the parents and offered 10s; but the extreme eagerness of the Jew excited some suspicion that the old pictures were of more value than was suspected, and this was confirmed when the Jew offered five guineas for them, which was also refused.

The next day the father of the children took the pictures to Mr Angerstein, at Blackheath, to inquire if they were of any value, and that gentleman gave him a letter of recommendation to a person in London, who purchased them for £1400, and they have since been sold for considerably more.

### THREE MEN ON STAMPS

The French Post Office are about to issue three new stamps bearing the heads of President Doumer, Victor Hugo, and Aristide Briand.

## TREASURE HID IN A FIELD History Under Weeds

From Lincoln comes news of an important discovery.

A farmer and his brother-in-law were walking over a field, and the farmer said that in one part of the field nothing would grow but weeds. His kinsman noticed something looking like mosaic showing among the weeds. They began to dig, and found a Roman pavement in red, white, and blue tesserae.

Then Mr Fred Taylor, the farmer, called in the curators of the Lincoln and Newark Museums, whose staff uncovered two fine pavements.

Here once stood an important villa, close to the Roman Fosse Way, and near the station of Crocrolana, or Brough. Besides the handsome pavements, one about 20 feet by 16, roof tiles, plaster, and an 18-inch wall have been found.

## THANKS TO MR NOBODY

Mr Nobody has been at it again.

When we were small he used to be a bad sort of fellow. Who left the soap in the water? Who forgot to shut the farmyard gate? It was never you or me: it must have been Mr Nobody.

But lately he seems to have become different. He sends hundreds of pounds to hospitals, done up in brown paper parcels; or he gives us acres of fairy-like country to be our very own.

His latest gift is Taddington Wood in Derbyshire, 50 acres of glorious woodland, where the River Wye runs and noble hills look down in majesty. We should like to thank the giver, but he won't own up. It is Mr Nobody again.

If you would like

**Arthur Mee's Shakespeare**  
for almost nothing

Please see Arthur Mee's 1000 Heroes  
Part 2 Ready on Friday

## THE HORSE AT THE RED LIGHT A Runaway Story

Trust a Nottingham horse to know when to stop!

There was one the other day which, forgetting for a while the jog-trot duty of drawing a van with steady discretion, rushed wildly out of the goods yard of the L.M.S. railway, resisting all efforts of its driver to pull it up.

The driver fell off, and the horse with its van charged furiously down Newark Street into the wider thoroughfare of Parliament Street, resisting all pursuers.

But in Parliament Street it came to the traffic lights. They swung to red, and the intelligent animal, bowing to law and order, slowed down and came to a halt.

We need not inquire whether this horse, or any horse, can tell red from green, though there is a certain amount of scientific evidence to show that the higher animals can tell the difference or can be taught to note it.

A more likely explanation is the simple and yet remarkable one that the horse in its heavily-laden van was accustomed to be pulled up by its driver at the red signal lights, and, recognising the familiar spot, stopped of its own accord by force of habit.

## THE CLIMBING SCHOOL-MASTER

Quite a famous old man has died at Courmayeur.

He was one of the oldest pioneers of Italian Alpine climbing, and if he could have lived to see one more sunrise he would have been 100.

Giuseppe Brocherel was an elementary school teacher in his native village for 60 years. But besides reading and writing he taught climbing. Many of the most famous guides of Mont Blanc were his pupils. He understood the mountains, and gladly shared the wisdom that was born of love.

## ACROSS THE EARTH IN SEVEN DAYS

### Sir Kingsford-Smith's Triumph SHARED BY AN AUSTRALIAN AEROPLANE

Australia is justly proud of the new record gained by one of her sons.

In a homing flight from England Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith reached the shores of his native country in 7 days 4 hours 47 minutes, beating Mr C. W. A. Scott's record by a day and 16 hours.

The victorious aeroplane is of Australian design. It is a low-winged monoplane, fitted with only one engine, a Gipsy Major of 130 h.p. It has a maximum speed of 140 m.p.h.

This new flight will always rank as one of the greatest flights ever made, though the day is not far distant when more powerful and faster machines will accomplish the journey of nearly ten thousand miles within a week.

A remarkable thing about this achievement is that it was carried out without advertisement and with a minimum of preparation.

## BLIND FRED

A very unusual monument has just been unveiled in Hackney Churchyard by the Mayor.

It is a tablet bearing the inscription, "Hereby was seen for many years Blind Fred, a sunny soul."

For over 40 years he sat in the churchyard, and everybody knew his Christian name and his smile.

He had no money. He founded no hospitals or almshouses. He gave the borough no swimming-baths or sports grounds, yet Hackney has put up a memorial to him, and the Mayor has unveiled it.

After all he did give Hackney something. That cheerfulness of his, warming people like sunshine, was a precious thing in the life of the borough.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 28 1933

## Let Us Be Generous

A remarkable parting gift to the League Assembly over which he presided was the speech of the South African delegate, Mr te Water, who told the League how the generosity of the Liberal Government after the Boer War saved South Africa. It is a note that should ring round the world.

HE had noticed, he said, that while he sat in his chair speakers had not followed their usual custom of talking about their anxieties, their remedies, and their urgent hopes for recovery; they had hesitated to try to create confidence by words and long speeches, and this hesitation, he thought, had its origin in a dawning knowledge that while statesmen had been laboriously seeking answers to problems which seemed overwhelming and almost insoluble, the world itself had not despaired.

The will to live had asserted itself among the nations of the world. Defeatism itself was being defeated by those powers of innate recovery which statesmen had left out of account.

The world is straining at (and may succeed at last in bursting) the strait-jacket in which it has been shackled ever since the war. Each country, according to its own genius, is striving to advance the science of government, groping forward to a new spirit of national self-sacrifice.

"Let us go back," said the president, "to our own countries from this place, to give that lead which will inspire and revive. Then there can be between nations that collaboration which is the earnest of international security and peace. One essential beyond all others is needed to resolve the tangled web of misunderstanding into reason and order. This one essential is Generosity."

Mr te Water spoke of his own country, where for generations war destroyed all endeavour, threatened to pervert the very character of the people, and succeeded in separating two races by a gulf which no device, no policy either of might or of right, seemed able to span. Then it was that, as by a revelation,

Generosity, a new factor in our political life, entered into our policies. My country has recovered that which it lost by war. It stands an independent nation, with its peoples united within its borders, for generosity breeds a reaction which is the solvent of all disputes.

Let the nations of the world change their policies from the policy of fear and resentment to one of generosity, and thus achieve that spirit of neighbourliness which lies at the foundation of all international progress.

Especially was the appeal for generosity and neighbourliness made to the nations of Europe, "from which all cultures of the Western world have sprung."



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## It Moves

WE are delighted to read that women have made the great discovery that shoes are for walking in, and that high heels are to go.

It is perfectly obvious that the world does move.

## The Kinema Mind

A MARVELLOUS thing is the kinema, but how many of us know how wonderful it really is?

The American branch of this wonder was producing a film of America's greatest citizen, Abraham Lincoln, and the actor who was to take the part of Lincoln resigned his post because he was expected to represent Lincoln sitting on the floor rolling a whisky barrel and saying, "I'll drink mine from the spigot."

It seems to matter very little that Lincoln hated whisky as he hated slavery, and never touched alcohol.

What seems to us so wonderful is that America has produced a mind which can rise to heights like this.

## The Height of the Ridiculous

AN Austrian chess player has been refused permission to land in this country to take part in some games of chess in Glasgow on the ground that the games might be played by a British chess man.

It seems ridiculous, after this, to complain of people being kept out of Germany because a great-great-grandmother was a Jew.

## A Stall From Barnstaple Fair

IT was an interesting experience that we had down Cornwall way the other day when a charming old lady in a vicarage showed us a model of a stall at Barnstaple Fair.

A wonderful thing it was, made of coloured paper, with hundreds of tiny paper copies of the things a market stall would have. There were cups and saucers, knives and forks, buckets and brushes, boxes and bags, tops, and every imaginable marketable thing.

But what we remember about it all is something this charming old lady said. She said that this had been made by her sister-in-law a hundred years ago.

It was made before the Victorian Era began, when no man dreamed of wireless, or of motor-cars, or of flying, and there was only a mile or two of railway in the world; yet this little stall, made about 1833, was being shown to us by the maker's brother's wife in 1933.

## No Other Way

THINGS had come to such a pass, said the Pessimist to the Philosopher, that he felt it impossible to be more down than he was.

"When you reach the bottom," came the quiet answer, "there is then nowhere to go but up."

## Spank

AMERICA is being stirred to protest by Nazi interferences from Herr Spanknoebel, a German official who seeks to influence and intimidate editors in the United States.

What Herr Spanknoebel needs is a noble spank.

## Swastika

UNDER the weeds in a field in Lincolnshire have been found some ruins of the Roman Empire with the pagan sign of the swastika on the pavement.

Somewhere in Europe the swastika sign is marching to another ruin, trampling down liberty on its way, but doomed, like the Roman pavement, to vanish in the end.

## Tip-Cat

CHILDREN often pull a face at bread and milk. It doesn't matter so long as it is their own.

A BRISTOL boy has started a newspaper. One of the right type.

AN American says the English character is rooted in the English soil. He's having a dig at it.

A MAN's character is revealed by the very way he catches a bus, declares a

writer. You can see whether he will get on.

SOME people are always singing their own praises.

Think themselves noteworthy.

ICE men will never become popular in this country. They are frozen out.

MOST shop assistants have good looks. At customers?

A MANX cat is to make his career on the films. But he hasn't an end in view.

A TIMBER merchant says wood is not always what it seems. He likes an honest deal.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

CAMBRIDGE is starting a loan fund for poor undergraduates.

TADDINGTON WOOD in Derbyshire has been given to the National Trust.

ALL the four great railways have increased their earnings for ten weeks past.

THE budget of the League is about a thousandth part of the world's war budget for any year.

## JUST AN IDEA

Strange, if we think of it, what a contrary place language has made of the world, and how art and music are always trying to make it friendly.

## To Those Dear Friends Who Pray For Me

By Our Town Girl on a Bed of Pain

How dare I wish this suffering, This new-come enemy, Should sheath his sword? What claim have I To special liberty?

BUT when I know those dear to me (Those near or far away) Ask that some staying power may be, And join their hearts to pray,

I too, for their dear sakes, with them, Ask that this thing betide; Ask for fresh battle, further toil, More breasting of the tide;

MORE joy to tread the long white road With them; and, come what must, More worthiness of their dear love, More gladness for their trust.

## The Child Joan

SHE hardly heeded her crying sheep, Or the autumn trees afire; Nor scarcely knew when her foot-steps led The quiet cows to their byre.

FOR Someone, it seemed to her, had come With the beauty of a star: Someone whose home was the shining place Where only the holy are.

AND a deep sweet voice was about her ears, More clear than imagining, Unlike the voice of that old pain Of her own heart's hungering.

IT was not the whisper of corn or trees But a voice which had pleaded "Joan, Arise to save"; and she passed along, Little and all alone.

SHE passed the spears of the head-high wheat And the blood-red poppies a-dance; But now they were marching silver spikes And the scarlet pennons of France.

AND out from the harvesting Orleans fields To an anguished aftermath, Joan went to battle, victory, death, Down the martyr's lonely path.

Marjorie Wilson

## Be Not Proud

Better to be of a lowly spirit with the meek Than to share spoil with the proud. Better is he who is slow to anger than a mighty man, And greater he that ruleth his own spirit Than he who taketh a city.

Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world. Jesus



## EVERY SPANISH MAN AND WOMAN TO VOTE

### TREMENDOUS CHANGE

#### The Coming General Election And What It Means

#### THE LIBERAL TREND

Spain is to have a General Election, and the Cortes will for the first time be elected by universal suffrage.

It will take the place of the Constituent Cortes, the national assembly of the new Republic specially elected in 1931 to establish the new Constitution after the abolition of the monarchy. Under the leadership of Don Manuel Azana, and with Don Alcala Zamora as President of the Republic, this Cortes perfected in six months a Code which in most respects made the Spanish Constitution a model one, though very drastic in relation to the Roman Catholic Church.

#### The Law of Defence

Yet, despite their good laws, they still feared for the stability of the Republic, and passed what is known as the Law of Defence of the Republic, which permitted the Government to override the Constitution if it considered it advisable.

Having accomplished the task for which it was elected, it would have been wise for the Parliament to have dissolved and given the country the opportunity of electing a normal Cortes on the universal suffrage it had decreed. Instead of doing this they carried on, using the Law of the Defence more frequently than was perhaps justified, and thereby neutralising the Liberal trend of their legislation. In recent weeks there has been a definite cleavage between the Socialists and the other Republican parties whose united efforts brought down the old despotism.

#### A Stale Parliament

As is the case with all ruling parties outstaying their due period, this Parliament, which has had a longer life than any other Constituent Assembly in recent times, has grown stale and lost touch with public opinion. The ordinary Spaniard has been affected more than he cares for in his habits, beliefs, and sentiments by Government action, and practically every newspaper in Spain has registered its opposition. A dramatic instance of this occurred at the election of members of the Special High Court of Justice by the electoral colleges, whose members consist of town councillors and members of Bar associations, all of whom supported the revolution. They elected a rich Conservative, who had been expelled from the Cortes and has been in prison over a year awaiting trial. Could any act be more significant?

Within the Cortes there has been serious conflict between Senor Azana, with his Socialist allies, and Senor Lerroux, leader of the Radicals, but at last Don Diego Varrios, a vigorous and more popular supporter of Senor Lerroux, has formed a Government with six members of the former Cabinet and six new men; they will be responsible for the elections next month.

#### A Trial of Strength

Though there is great dissatisfaction in Spain because the new teachers who were to replace the priests have not come as speedily as was hoped, and because emancipated women have expressed themselves vigorously in opposition to some of the new Acts, there does not appear to be any likelihood of a reaction to the monarchy, nor does Fascism seem to be gaining ground.

The new elections will be a trial of strength between the well-organised Socialists and the Conservative and Radical Republicans. The position of President Zamora does not appear to be threatened. He still stands for the liberal attitude which raised Spain to a higher standing among the nations.

## THE JOKE THAT TAKES THE BISCUIT

SOMEbody in France has taken the biscuit, and it was the biscuit that started all the trouble.

It began with a too-gay wedding party at Douai. It went on till it reached the Court of Appeal in Paris, where grave judges, unable to decide between law and patriotism, reserved their judgment.

The facts before them were that toward the end of the wedding party, held in a restaurant, when the wine was going round, one of the guests thought he saw on a biscuit the name and portrait of Marshal von Hindenburg.

He raised a roar of indignation, and his fellow-guests, told of this outrage, joined him in stamping the biscuit and the hated portrait into dust. They did

not stop there but turned to wrecking the restaurant. It was only the police who could put a stop to this demonstration. Summonses followed. The action went from Court to Court till in Paris the injured restaurant proprietor produced samples of the biscuits marked *Made in Edinburgh*.

It seems not unlikely that the patriotic but befogged wedding guests had mistaken the features of Sandy McTavish adorning the biscuit for those of the venerable German President. A Scotsman would have known. He also would have seen the joke. We suggest that the next time these wedding people meet they take a little more biscuit and a little less wine.

## WHERE BEECHEN GOLD HAS FALLEN



This is one of 12 beautiful tree studies from the Tree Lover's Calendar, published by the Men of the Trees to create the tree-sense; it is dedicated to all tree-lovers and to those who would keep their country beautiful by tree-planting.

## THREE THINGS THIS COUNTRY SHOULD DO

Mr Arthur Henderson, on the eve of his departure for the Disarmament Conference, spoke these serious words at the Guildhall, London, at the 117th annual meeting of the International Peace Society.

A STORM of reaction was blowing through the world. In several quarters there was a revival, sometimes in an acute form, of the old nationalist doctrines justifying a return to international anarchy and preparations for war as methods of ensuring peace.

Those who preached these doctrines pointed to the failures of the League, but the failure had been due, not to the breaking down of attempts to apply the Covenant, but to letting situations get out of hand by refusing to apply the Covenant in time. The work of organising peace needed a fresh impulse.

There were three main things this country must do if she was once more to save herself by her exertions and the world by her example. The first was to

proclaim its faith in the possibility and necessity of a world Commonwealth.

Second, it must give practical effect to that new international loyalty. There should be incorporated in the law of the land the fundamental principles of our obligations as members of the League of Nations and signatories of the Pact of Paris.

Third, this country should press on with the universalisation of the League. The United States and the Soviet Union should be brought into consultation when there was a threat to world peace.

Those were the pillars of a real League policy. If this country did those three things it would put itself at the head of the world's peace forces.

The world was in the grip of forces which would either raise mankind to a pinnacle of happiness and well-being never yet attained or plunge it into the abyss of war and civil war, in which civilisation would founder.

## JAPAN ON BAD TERMS WITH RUSSIA

### FUTURE OF A RAILWAY

#### Russian Officials Arrested and Secret Papers Published

#### VLADIVOSTOK SECRETS?

Railways, which should spread peace and fraternity across the world, have unfortunately been the cause of more than one war.

Once more a branch of the Trans-Siberian Railway, that part known as the Chinese Eastern Railway, is causing international friction to an alarming degree. This railway runs over a thousand miles through Manchuria, connecting up with the South Manchurian Railway, which is entirely Japanese. Russia owns this railway, and has special treaty rights with China over it, a Russian manager and other officials having been in control of the line.

#### Destruction By Bandits

The dummy State made by Japan out of Manchuria wishes to acquire this railway, and to acquire it for as small a sum as possible. The Russians are not unwilling to sell—at a price. Much of the line runs through badly administered districts, and it is easy for the rulers of Manchuria to wink at the destruction of railway property by bandits and to do everything in their power to reduce its value, which Russia places at £120,000,000.

In the middle of September the Russian Government protested to Japan, stating that they had reliable information that the Japanese were directing Manchurian authorities to make changes in the administration of the railway and to put a Manchurian over the head of the Russian manager. Soon after this protest the Manchurians replaced several leading railway officials, who were arrested. This action in no way intimidated the Russians, who threatened to publish secret documents, and, as Japan would not come to terms, carried out their threat.

#### Another Little Squabble

These documents, declared to be spurious by Japan, showed that the Japanese Foreign Minister had advised Japanese officials on the spot to arrest members of the railway staff on criminal charges, to encourage private creditors to seize the line as a security for debt, and to inquire into and suppress the Trade Unions of the railway employees.

There is one other little squabble between the two Powers. It relates to the piloting of ships in and out of Vladivostok Harbour. The Russians are demanding that all foreign ships should be piloted by Russian pilots. The Japanese object to see in this regulation a suggestion that the Russians have some fortifications or armaments in Vladivostok which they do not wish Japanese sailormen to see.

## THE 40-HOUR WEEK

### Investigation in Holland

Unemployment is the most serious problem before the world, and more than one solution has been put forward to remedy it.

It has come to be a universal problem, and an inquiry which has been made in Holland has been watched by workers and employers everywhere. The National Advisory Labour Council of that busy peace-loving country has been examining what would be the probable effects of a 40-hour working week on employment and wages.

The inquiry was important enough to be reported in a publication issued by the League. It covered 3000 businesses which employ nearly half of the workers in factories, but did not cover those in commerce, transport, and agriculture.

The Council came to the conclusion that the adoption of a 40-hour week might give work to 13 per cent of the workers unemployed last year.



## A MAN OF THE TREES PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FOREST ARMY

A Talk and Two Pictures and  
What Came of Them

### THE CHANCE FOR US

The other day the founder of the Men of the Trees received a letter from a friend in Pennsylvania.

They had met in Africa and he was present at the inauguration of the Men of the Trees in the Highlands of Kenya in the summer of 1922. He now wrote:

You probably did not realise what your interview with Roosevelt in Albany would eventually lead to, but I know that we owe to you the Reafforestation Camps of this country. That is a big achievement.

When he met the President in Albany last summer Mr St Barbe Baker found that he was already a true Man of the Trees. He had been staying in Scotland with Lord Novar in 1905, he said, and day after day he visited with him the various compartments and blocks of his 22,000-acre forest. Lord Novar explained how these well-managed forests protected the farms and enabled them to tide over times when agricultural crops were less productive.

### A Splendid Apostle

When Mr Roosevelt returned to America he lost no time in seeking out Mr Gifford Pinchot, who was then First Forester under Theodore Roosevelt. Mr Pinchot had learned forestry in India and had returned to America to establish a Forestry Service. He was a splendid apostle of tree-planting. He had studied the results of neglect of trees in China, and when he met Mr Roosevelt he drew from his pocket two photographs.

One was a copy of an ancient painting made in China early in the 17th century, depicting a beautifully-wooded hill with a fertile valley, a city, and a well-conserved river. The only indications of tree-cutting seen in the picture were a few logs coming down a water-chute high up on the mountainside.

### After 300 Years

The second picture was a photograph taken at the same spot 300 years later. The forest had vanished, cultivation had disappeared, and the valley was strewn with boulders. A few tired-looking huts provided the only sign of the civilisation that once had been flourishing there.

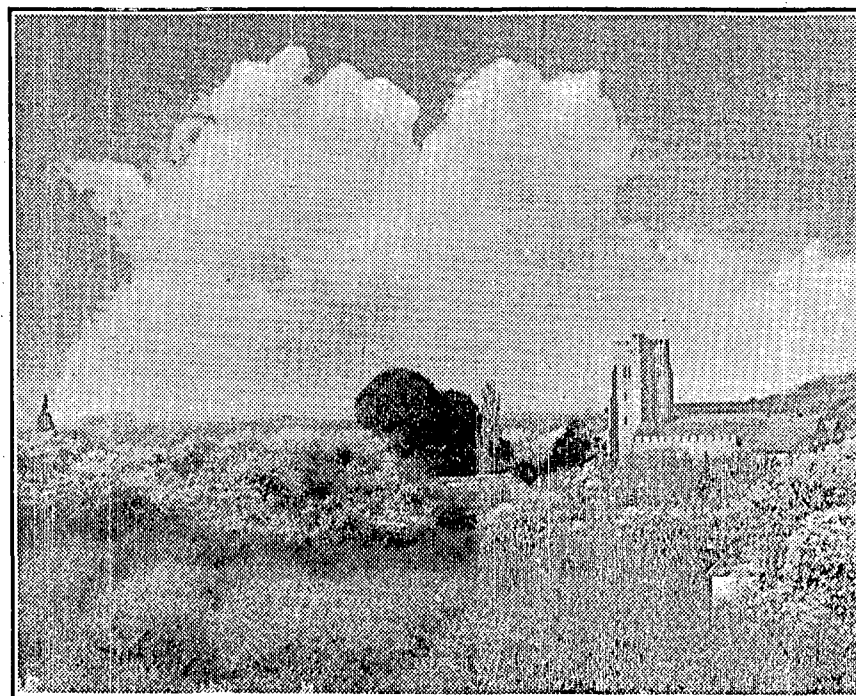
Mr Roosevelt was deeply impressed, and asked Mr Pinchot if he would address some business friends on Forestry. From that time Mr Roosevelt never looked back, but devoted himself to afforestation and tree-planting.

### Fine Forests Make Fine Men

It was then that Mr St Barbe Baker discussed with him the possibility of providing work for a great army of men in the depleted forests of his country. Mr Roosevelt knew that seven-eighths of their virgin forest had been used or destroyed, and as soon as he became President he recruited his famous Forest Army from young men between 18 and 25, many of whom had never had the privilege of a day's work. Over 150,000 lads were soon working, and today over 200,000 are employed in the Civilian Conservation Corps.

At the outset of a new planting season might we not in England follow the splendid lead of the President, and find work in the woods and in tree-planting for thousands of lads who are almost broken-hearted at not being able to find employment? We have about two million acres of land only suited for trees, and under proper management work might be found for at least ten thousand. Fine forests make fine men, and life on a forest-holding is a real man's job.

## IN OUR QUIET COUNTRYSIDE



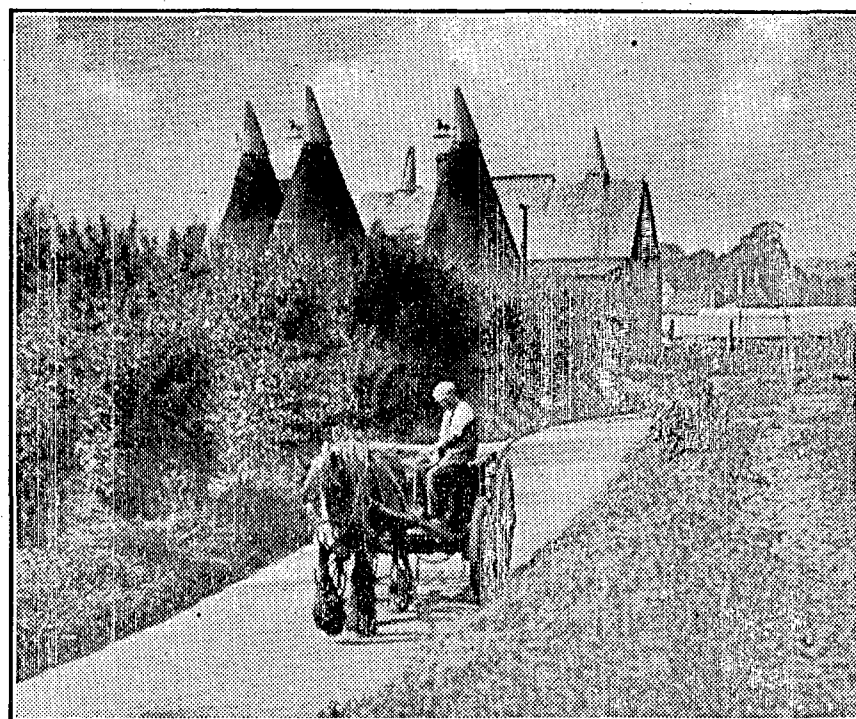
Newington Church amid the orchards of Kent



A shepherd of the South Downs



An old countryman seen in Sussex



A lane at Maplescombe, with the familiar oast-houses of Kent

## ALONE IN A CAR FROM PARIS TO BOMBAY

### 200 Pictures Painted on the Way

Some four years ago a Swiss artist well known in Paris started off on a lonely journey in a studio-car determined to try his luck as a nomad artist, paying his way as far as possible by painting en route.

He is now back after many adventures, and is exhibiting some 200 landscapes and portraits illustrating his long and lonely journey. He was his own chauffeur, mechanic, and cook; and after wandering through France, Italy, Austria, Serbia, Greece, Turkey, and Syria he courageously headed his car across deserts, where he encountered sandstorms and many road difficulties, passing through Irak and Persia to the borders of Tibet.

In Kashmir he was unlucky enough to catch a dangerous fever, but fortunate enough to be well cared for in hospital. An inventory of all his possessions found in the car and on his person was taken by the people who succoured him, and so anxious were they to give everything back that he was called upon to verify them all almost as soon as he regained consciousness.

He wore the costumes of the country he was in and went fearlessly among the people, who usually received him as one of themselves. Even a couple of brigands gave a lift to were very useful to him over bad and boulder-strewn roads. Now and then he was attacked and even shot at, but eventually he won his way through to Bombay, from where he took ship for Europe.

## LIFE FROM A BATHCHAIR

By One Who is Trying It

As fingers were made before forks so were bathchairs made before aeroplanes or Daimlers.

But, all the same, in many people's hearts is an instinctive shrinking from a bathchair as the last straw, or to be pushed in one as submission to a flabby helplessness.

Yet even as we thought these things, since our feet temporarily refused to go the way of our spirit, the writer lately sat down between creaking basket sides on to leathery cushions, and was pushed on three wheels to the Round Pond.

On the way we had to cross a street tearing mad with traffic and (straight from bed) to steer a wheel right across it—certainly before a policeman's white-armed barrier; but, all the same, a London highway and through a park gate.

There we saw flowers, happy children, racing dogs, and the King and Queen go by. It was the sort of day when kings and queens are about. The Round Pond was filled with yachts.

Is there anything to be learned from so unromantic and absurdly small an occurrence? Little enough—only perhaps that to ride in a bathchair is to ride very close to earth, to give up one's will, one's old pride in health, one's strivings to stand alone, and for the time being to learn to travel hopefully in the humblest way man knows. It is also to be nearer the grass and the flowers than the fliers, the motorists, the walkers.

## A TRAIN ON BALLS

A new kind of railway train that is to run at a speed of 186 miles an hour is claimed to have been invented by a Russian engineer.

It is a streamlined train without any wheels, each car running on two enormous balls, the outside edges of which are flattened to act like wheels. The balls are nearly as big in diameter as the height of the carriages, and while the flat edges run on the rails the lower part of the ball in the middle of the track revolves in a grooved runway.

It is a new venture of the Soviet, and is certainly revolutionary in design.



## THE LAMP-POST WITH A PAST Slight Change of Address in St James's

A gas standard lamp has been moved a few feet in St James's Square.

It began life by emitting flame and thunder instead of a mild glow. It was a gun on a French warship nearly 200 years ago. In 1747 the French ship was captured off Cape Finisterre by H.M.S. Namur, a vessel which was commanded by Edward Boscawen.

Boscawen brought four of the guns home as souvenirs, and set them up as ornamental posts on the pavement before his house in St James's Square. He became Lord Falmouth.

One of his descendants sold the London house and took three of the guns to Cornwall with him, but the fourth remained.

One ornamental post looks absurd, yet the post was a part of Old London, and it seemed wrong to send it to the scrap-heap. The Gas Light & Coke Company had the happy idea of turning it into a lamp standard, and so it took on a new lease of life and started a fresh career in extreme old age.

We are glad to think that, although changes have had to be made, the old gun will still stand in St James's Square, only a few feet from the place where great-grandmother used to brush it with her skirts.

## THE LITTLE OLD LADY OF LUTON

We should not be surprised if there is a happy ending to a sad little story which comes from Luton.

The hero is an old lady of 78. Something was surely wrong, for she did not give her usual cheery greeting one evening when a friend passed by. "I feel so old," she sighed. "I wish I were in heaven!"

It did not comfort her when she was told that the bit of heaven she so often made for others would be greatly missed if her wish came true.

But there was a reason for her distress. For 58 years she had never missed paying her rates, and now times had become so hard that she had been obliged to draw her last penny from the Post Office Savings Bank, and that was now spent. It was impossible to find the money, for her Old Age Pension covered only bare necessities. What was she to do? She was worried nearly out of her mind at the disgrace of not being able to pay what was owing.

We are sure that by this time kind people in Luton have been found who will give a helping hand to this little old lady who has made such a fine record of never failing to pay her rates for nearly 60 years.

## FOR LOVE OF SAINT FRANCIS

A delightful piece of news for all bird-lovers comes from Rome.

October 4 was the anniversary of the death of St Francis, and on that day in many towns there were celebrations, special services in churches, and lectures in the schools.

But in Rome there was something better, something practical, something that would certainly have gladdened the heart of Francis.

A thousand song-birds were let loose in the grounds of the Villa Umberto.

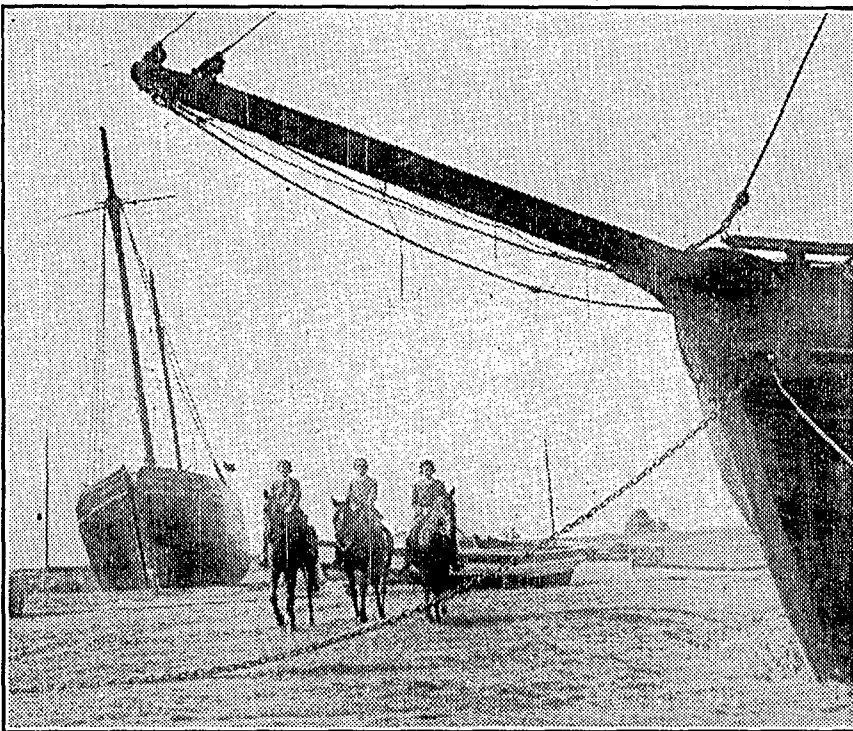
They had been caught by bird-snarers and they were afterwards rescued by the Zoophile Society of Rome.

St Francis called the birds his sisters and brothers. One of the loveliest of Giotto's frescoes shows him preaching to the birds. Nothing could have made him happier than the thought that a thousand sad little prisoners were set free because of him.

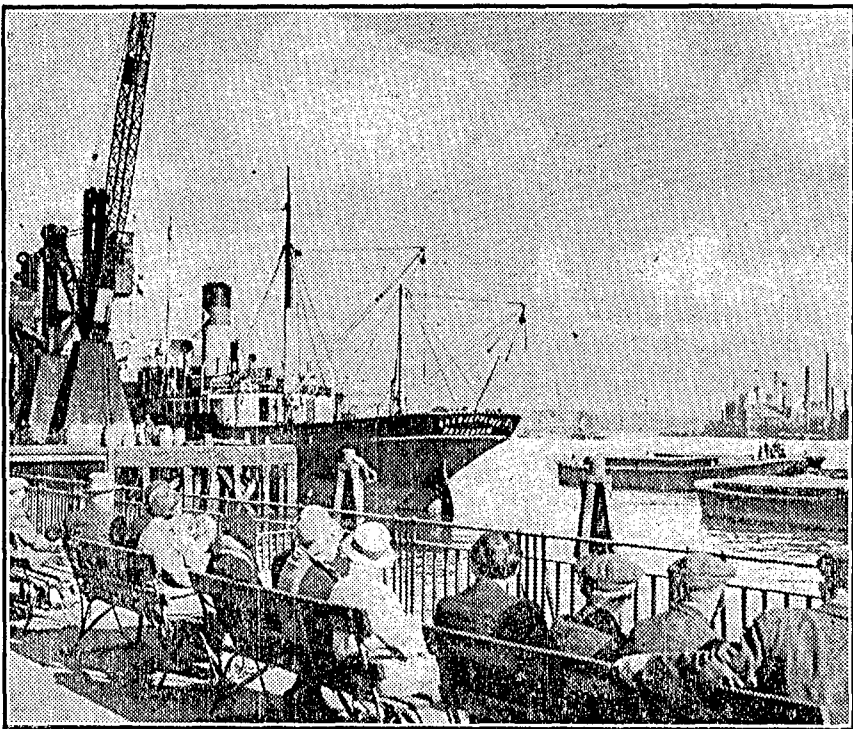
## BY SEA AND RIVER



Scottish lassies waiting for the return of the herring fleet at Yarmouth



Riders among the boats on the shore near Weston-super-Mare



A sunny day brings people to the river at Shadwell to watch the busy traffic on the Thames

## THE TAP TAP TAP OF THE TYPIST IS IT HARD WORK?

Eight Hours Typing Equal To  
Three Hours Coal-Shifting

### REMARKABLE FIGURES

The people who sell us our labour-saving devices have been very indiscreet.

They have opened the mouth of the bag too wide and out has popped a cat whose presence in it has long been suspected. We are back to the old controversy as to whether it is man or woman who does most of the physical work in the world.

In primitive Africa there is no question about it; women are the carriers and the workers for the tribe, the men reserving their energies for their protection from foes.

Who would have thought, however, that in the City of London more tons of energy were expended by women than by men? And yet it is probably true.

### Forty Tons a Day

A typewriter firm has revealed this fact to man, who has always been very sceptical about the physical energy used by the clerk who types his letters and accounts. They declare that the improvement in the modern typewriter has saved its operator an effort of as much as 40 tons a day. The force necessary to strike one letter of the alphabet on the paper is estimated to be three ounces as against 14 in the old-fashioned machine.

It is a matter of simple arithmetic to calculate the amount of physical energy used in an eight-hours day, and we are told that a typist expends during a day as much physical energy as that expended by a fireman who is engaged in shovelling coal for three hours.

We are confident that nothing will persuade the fireman that our advertising friend has got his figures right, and on our part we suspect there is a catch in it somewhere.

From what we have observed, however, most of our typists do not fail to thrive on their daily task.

## BIRDS ACROSS THE WORLD

### Little Singers of New Zealand

#### A CITY AND ITS TREES

From Our New Zealand Correspondent

Thousands of the honey-bearing and berry-bearing trees of New Zealand have been planted on the bare hills surrounding Wellington, the capital city.

That is good news for those who remember that a tree, besides being a thing of beauty, is also a home for birds.

The birds of New Zealand in particular cannot live without the trees of their country which provide them with honey, berries, and insects on which they feed. Native trees and native birds depend on each other.

So much planting of trees has been done on the hills round Wellington that before long the city will have the aspect of a town set in a natural park. On the thousand acres of hilly land known as the Town Belt the city council has planted in the past ten years no fewer than 50,000 pohutukawa trees, a native tree which has a mass of red blossom at Christmas-time and provides honey for the birds.

This year another 40,000 trees are to be planted on the city reserves.

From all parts of New Zealand come reports that the native song-birds have begun to frequent parks and gardens in increasing numbers. The birds have many friends, and contributions of sugar and honey water in tins set in the gardens often bring a reward in the lovely songs of the tui and bellbird.



## LIKE A STORY-BOOK ALIVE

### 1000 CHILDREN IN A PAGEANT

#### Autumn Evening of Music and Colour For a Northern Town

#### THE OLD COUNTRY HOUSE

Who dare say that dreams cannot come true if mind and hand and heart work hard to achieve them?

Near Middlesbrough is a country house which, like so many others in these days, is a home no longer. This relic of a more prosperous day has been given, with its large park, as a playground to the people of Middlesbrough; and here dreams woven into many a story-book have been taking material shape and delighting hundreds of people as they cast their romantic spell.

In the dusk of a not-too-cold September evening soft lights gleaming mysteriously among gently rustling trees led one to the terrace in front of the mansion, which was the stage of a natural theatre. Powerful floodlights suddenly illumined the terrace, on either side of which two doors slowly opened, like the covers of a book. On the front of each of these doors was written, *Dreams Come True*, and out of them passed in turn, to sweetly-flowing music, figures representing many of the heroes and heroines dear to the heart of children and all who keep the spirit of youth and adventure.

#### Changing the Scene

Each group of characters, impersonated by children in picturesque or perhaps attractively grotesque garb, mimed a significant incident of their story on the greensward, and then went back into the pages of the book, while a band of smart little Elizabethan servitors made the scene ready for the next.

There were most of the nursery rhyme favourites, several of the characters from Grimm's Fairy Tales, scenes from the legacy of high-hearted romance which Greek mythology gave to the world, important episodes from the history of our own land, and scenes from Dickens and Shakespeare and many other authors.

#### Robin Hood and Little John

Atalanta ran her race with Hippomenes, while her attendant maidens cheered her on; Robin Hood and his merry men fought with Little John and found him such a doughty fighter that they invited him to join their band; Paulinus preached the Gospel to King Edwin, while Hilda, the king's young niece, who was destined to help so greatly in spreading religion and culture from her abbey of Whitby, sat at his feet and drank in the joyful tidings.

And then, at the end, Comedy, Tragedy, Verse, and Prose were awakened by the tiny Dreams of the Mind who need them to give them wings. These in their turn called on Inspiration and Reality. By a genuine inspired touch Reality appeared as the spirit of Captain Cook, who was born within 200 yards of the scene of the pageant, and who, if anyone did, made the exciting and roving dreams of his childhood come true.

#### A Dream Come True

In this pageant, which was spread over two evenings, over a thousand children took part. Perhaps it will inspire similar ventures elsewhere which will help to keep us conscious of our fascinating heritage. At any rate, it was in itself a dream come true, for the organisation was wonderful, and gave evidence of the hard work of the pageant master, Mr Jack Lowley of Middlesbrough, and the school teachers of Middlesbrough who were his assistants.

The majority of the actors were children from the elementary schools, many of whose parents have been out of work for years. Working for and acting the pageant must have been a bit of unforgettable colour in their lives.

## EXPANDING TRADE

### British Goods Wanted STEEL BETTER THAN IN 1913

The Board of Trade report on British external trade is excellent.

British exports were nearly £6,000,000 greater last September than in 1932 while imports rose by £3,500,000.

The rise in imports was mainly due to bigger purchases of raw materials, an excellent sign.

The rise in exports, on the other hand, was mainly due to increased sales of manufactured articles.

Better trade on both home and foreign account is rapidly bringing the workless into employment. In August the number of insured workers rose by 57,000. In September there was a further increase of 86,000.

#### Good Steel News

We are now producing steel at a greater rate than before the war.

In 1913 our average monthly steel output was 638,600 tons. In September we produced 669,000 tons. Yet in September last year we produced only 430,000 tons. So in steel we are doing over 50 per cent better than in 1932.

So great and continuous has been the idleness in some districts that we have seen the formation of unemployed Football Leagues! It is good to know, therefore, that the Preston Unemployed Football League has been cancelling matches because play has been exchanged for work.

In the country as a whole half a million have been brought back to work in 12 months.

As our readers know, the C.N. has never faltered in its confidence that British trade would recover. The "all-is-lost" view has had much to do with the length and strength of the trade depression. At last men everywhere are realising that trade is not from without us but is an expression of our own activity. May confidence grow! Let us all redouble our efforts.

## DRIVEN FROM GERMANY

### More Jews Settling in Their Ancient Home

With the International Conference meeting soon in London to deal with the problem of the German Jews it is good to learn that the Jewish National Home in Palestine has proved a great success.

At a recent meeting of the League Assembly M. Lange, the Norwegian delegate, presented a report of the Mandates Commission, and declared that the success was particularly important in view of the large number of Jewish emigrants from Germany seeking a home elsewhere.

The British and Palestine Governments have been organising the emigration from Germany, obtaining permission for several thousand Jews with a capital of £1000 to take this sum to Palestine. A few thousand skilled workers of no means at all have been emigrated also. The Berlin authorities have permitted over £1000 per family to be exported provided that the additional sum is used entirely in the purchase of German goods in Palestine. These capitalists are arriving in Palestine at the rate of about 500 a month, but the total emigration into Palestine is nearer 3000 a month.

## 100 MILLION YOUNG RUSSIANS

It is asserted that there are no fewer than 100,000,000 young Russians (under 25) living under the rule of the Soviet.

This is so great a part of the whole world's youth that its development is of supreme importance. Millions have known no other rule than that of the Russians, and the responsibility of their Government is ever increasing.

## PORTUGAL WINS

### A Seat on the League Council

### SMALL COUNTRY WITH A BIG EMPIRE

By Our League Correspondent

A new seat is now added to the fourteen around the horseshoe table of the League Council and the representative of Portugal sits in it.

It is due to Portugal's persevering efforts that this new seat has been created, in order that the 15 States which belong to no particular group may have a chance of becoming members of the Council. Turkey would have liked this seat but she only joined the League last year, while Portugal has been a member from the beginning.

The Portuguese Empire covers an area bigger than Spain, France, Germany, and Italy put together, and the European population in this territory is greater in proportion to the native inhabitants than in the British, French, or Belgian possessions in the rest of Africa. The Belgians, for example, have only 25 Europeans to every 10,000 natives while the Portuguese colonies have 80.

#### Language Spoken By 60 Millions

Details of trade and commerce also show Portuguese possessions to take a high place. In Angola and Mozambique there are well over 2000 miles of railway in operation, and the roads in the whole empire measure 36,000 miles. The two most important ports on the west and east coast of Africa, Lorenzo Marquez and Lobito, are both Portuguese, and the language is spoken by approximately 60 million people throughout the world.

Portugal itself is a small country on the map of Europe, but when we look at its extensions in other parts of the world we see that its representative to Geneva is right to tell us something about it.

It seems, too, that internal affairs are in a satisfactory state, with a balanced budget and healthy finances and an actual improvement in employment in spite of the crisis. All this is good news, and the League is glad to welcome this new Council member, particularly because its representative, M. de Vasconcellos, is well known and well liked at Geneva. He has been constantly at work through all the years in one capacity or another.

## 70,000 HOPES

### A Good Thing To Remember

Sir Herbert Austin not only makes good cars but says wise things. This is one of them from a Toc H meeting the other day.

The future of this country and the Empire is to a great extent in the hands of the younger generation. Any movement which will help them in carrying on creditably their great heritage is worthy of the fullest support.

There are 70,000 members in the Toc H movement, the great proportion being youths just beginning their careers in the business and industrial world.

The expansion of this great movement would go far to remove many of their social difficulties and also help to maintain and strengthen the bonds of the Empire.

## TO CAPTURE THE GREAT POSTS

By Sir John Reith

If you look around you will agree that one of our first troubles is a lack of leadership. It is evident in every kind of line, politics and industry. It can be traced to its origin in the nursery or the Sunday School.

The first Headmaster who sets out to capture the leading positions in the country for his boys will capture them. The boy who sets out to attain to a certain position has everything strongly in his favour.

## TAKING THE SQUAWK OUT OF THE TALK

### THE NEW WIDE-RANGE RECORDING APPARATUS

### Doubling the High Frequencies and Extending the Low

#### A CHEAP REVOLUTION

The day is coming when we shall no more be able to satirise the Talkies by calling them what they so often are—the Squawkies.

A new apparatus for sound reproduction has been devised which is said to give a natural tone to the reproduced human voice in place of the flat, brassy sound we hear today, coming from anywhere except, apparently, from the moving lips on the screen.

The new apparatus is called wide-range because it records sound vibrations as high as 10,000 a second, double the number hitherto obtained, and as low as 35 a second, whereas 80 a second has been the lowest previously recorded. This means that the subtleties of the voice, its undertones and overtones, will not be cut out by the mechanical process in future. The faintest sigh will be audible, and all the colour in a violin solo or Beethoven orchestral climax will be reproduced.

It is good to learn that up-to-date cinemas will be able to acquire the additional apparatus for installing the new process at a cost not exceeding £400. American theatres have already taken advantage of this invention.

## ANOTHER GOOD THING DONE

### Act of Parliament Rights a Wrong

### TRACKING DOWN THE PROFITEER

Wicked landlords are finding life not so easy as it used to be now that slum clearance is the order of the day, and the wicked tenant is being tracked down.

We are always glad to hear of the tables being turned on profiteers, and the recent Rent Restriction Act turns the tables very neatly on the tenant who is making his sub-tenant pay all the rent for him.

It is far too common a practice for a tenant to sublet two of his rooms for a sum nearly equal to the rent for the whole house, and the poor sub-tenant has had to shoulder the burden for lack of cheaper accommodation.

But the new Act ordered every tenant to report to his landlord by October 18 as to any sublet and the rent charged for it, and if he has been profiteering the landlord has the right to turn him out and the sub-tenant has the right to take his place.

If the landlord does not take the trouble to turn the tenant out, the sub-tenant can still get his own back by not paying the rent till the excess paid during the previous six months has been worked off.

The basis of judging what a tenant may fairly charge a sub-tenant is laid down in a previous Rent Restriction Act, which says that if half a house is sublet half the rent may be charged for it, plus ten per cent for the trouble of sub-letting.

By the time this is published all tenants should have notified the landlord concerning their sublets, and we hope many sub-tenants will shortly be having their rents reduced.

It is getting a poor world for sharks to live in; but a pleasanter world for the rest of us.



October 28, 1933

The Children's Newspaper

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## THE PLEIADES IN ALL THEIR GLORY

LIGHT THAT TAKES 326 YEARS TO REACH US

Radiance of More Than Two Thousand Suns

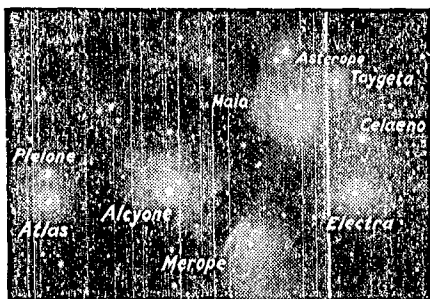
### THE LUMINOUS NEBULAE

By the C.N. Astronomer

On Friday evening, November 3, the Moon will pass in front of the Pleiades, obscuring several among that famous star cluster, but just missing Alcyone, as observed from the South of England.

As 8 o'clock approaches the Moon will draw near, and at 10 minutes to 8 Electra will be hidden by the Moon's bright edge. Several other stars, much fainter, will follow, including Celaeno. Then, at about 8.15, Taygeta will disappear. Five minutes later Maia will vanish behind the advancing Moon. In another few minutes the twin stars of Asterope will also be hidden.

To see any of these stars near the brilliant Moon will require very good glasses or binoculars, but their re-



A photograph of the Pleiades by Dr Isaac Roberts, those named being visible to the naked eye.

appearance may be better observed since they will emerge from the darkened edge of the Moon.

Electra will reappear from the right side, near the lower portion, at about 8.41; Celaeno from a point nearly midway in the Moon's south-west quadrant at about 8.54; Taygeta from a point about midway between north and south, at 9.7; while Maia will reappear at about 9.27 from a point a little way below that of Taygeta's reappearance.

These times are for the London and south-east area of England.

On succeeding evenings, when the Moon is absent, the Pleiades may be studied in all their glory.

To ordinary sight, amid the artificial lighting of towns, only six stars are usually perceived. These are Alcyone, Atlas, Merope, Electra, Maia, and Taygeta. To good sight in dark surroundings three or four more may be seen, Celaeno, Pleione, and Asterope.

Opera or field-glasses will increase the number visible from 30 to 50 according to their power; a telescope to between 400 and 500, while most powerful instruments will reveal upwards of 2000.

These do not all belong to the Pleiades. Many lie far beyond the cluster.

#### Travelling South

The Pleiades are all travelling in the same direction toward the south, and on the average are about 20 million times farther away than our Sun—so far, indeed, that their light takes about 326 years to reach us; but since the diameter of this grand cluster is between 30 and 40 light-years some of its suns are much nearer than others.

The brilliant Alcyone radiates about 500 times the light of our Sun, which at that distance would appear as only one of the fainter stars shown in the accompanying picture. All the other Pleiades named radiate over 100 times the light of our Sun.

In addition there is the remarkable luminous nebulae surrounding the stars and filling much of the intervening space. This is now generally believed to be cosmic matter lit up by the intense radiance of these helium suns of the Pleiades.

G. F. M.

## TWO DEBTS REPAID

One Good Turn Deserves Another

### THE STORY OF NEW ZEALAND'S FLOCK HOUSE

A pleasing story of gratitude comes to the C.N. from New Zealand.

The hundreds of English, Scottish, and Irish boys and girls who have been trained as land workers at the famous Flock House training farm have shown their gratitude by offering to pay for the training of eight sons of New Zealand returned soldiers during the coming year.

Flock House Farm was started at the close of the war, when the sheep farmers of New Zealand decided that they owed a debt of gratitude to our seamen. In what better way could they show this than by looking after the sons and daughters of those who lost their lives during the war?

#### Help For Our Orphans

So the sheep farmers subscribed to what was known as the Acknowledgment of Debt to British Seamen Fund, and in time a large farm called Flock House was bought. Every year hundreds of the orphan sons of brave sailors went out from England and were trained as farmers in New Zealand, positions being found for them.

The daughters of British seamen were not forgotten. Another farm was bought, and the girls were given instruction in all the duties of a farm and a farmer's homestead, so that they were able to go out to good positions.

But there came a time when the orphan sons and daughters of British seamen had grown up, and then there were no more to come to Flock House; the trustees then decided to keep Flock House going, and to train the sons of New Zealand ex-Service men.

#### A Pleasant Surprise

All this required a great deal of money, and it was a pleasant surprise for the Flock House trustees to receive a letter from the old boys and old girls of Flock House offering to pay for the training of eight New Zealand boys. Everyone in New Zealand is proud of Flock House, and prouder still of its generous boys and girls.

Readers of the C.N. will also join in applauding them.

We are pleased to hear that many of the older boys from Flock House have got on so well in their adopted country that they have now farms of their own, and the others will be farmers in time.

### LITTLE CAPTAIN

#### A Fair Exchange

Captain is a miniature Shetland pony a little over 30 inches high. For a long time he has travelled about Scotland with his master, a cable-jointer named Gourlay, who has been looking for work.

It was when Gourlay was at Blairgowrie that he first saw Captain and rescued him from some tinkers. Afterwards the two became close companions, and Captain was of great service to his master in pulling the light cart which contained his master's goods and chattels and some vociferous cocks and hens.

When they reached Edinburgh an inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. noticed that the pony was unfit for work. It was found that the little animal was suffering from serious malformation of the hind legs, although it had no pain.

It was a great blow to Gourlay when he was told he would have to part with his friend, but his kindness to Captain was rewarded, for the society resolved to give him a fair exchange. Through generous contributions from some of the members it was made possible to buy a splendid Shetland pony, which was presented to him. Captain is now a pensioner at the Horses Rest Farm at Mansfield, where Gourlay is allowed to visit him.

## THE ONLY MARINE LIZARD KNOWN

AN IGUANA FROM THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS

Diana Returns From Her Country Holiday

### MOOSE AT WHIPSNAD

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo is congratulating itself on the excellent progress made by the rare marine iguana which arrived at the end of last year from the Galapagos Islands.

This reptile is one of a collection presented to the Zoo last December, but all his companions have died, and no other example of his kind has survived captivity for more than a hundred days or taken any food in captivity.

For the first few weeks after his arrival at the Zoo this five-foot sea lizard took no food, but by degrees he began to nibble at the seaweed which is his natural food, and he now consumes one pound of edible seaweed every day. As soon as the keeper opens the door of the den he runs forward to take food from the man's hand.

#### Drinking From the Hosepipe

These reptiles are the only known species of marine lizard, and as it was known that they drink and bathe in sea-water the iguana was provided with an artificial salt-water pool. He never drank nor entered this water, however, and one morning when the keeper was washing the den with a hosepipe he was amazed to see his valuable charge walk toward the hosepipe and drink from it. The iguana was then given an ordinary fresh-water pool, and he drinks and bathes in it.

He has also dispelled the belief that these lizards are deaf, for he can quite obviously hear the keeper approaching his den, and at feeding-time he goes to the door of the cage before it is opened.

Whipsnade is proving of great value as a summer holiday camp for ailing inmates of the London Gardens, for all the holiday-makers who have now returned to Regent's Park from the country are much better in health.

#### The Veteran Pigmy Hippo

The most noticeable improvement is to be seen in Diana, the veteran pigmy hippopotamus. She was sent to Whipsnade for the summer more or less as an experiment, for she had been seriously ill, and it was thought that an open-air life, fresh food, and exercise might help her to recover.

At the same time a certain amount of risk was being taken, since Diana had lived in the Hippo House for twenty years and might, therefore, have been greatly upset by the journey and the conditions in the country zoo.

She settled down, however, and made the most of her holiday, and on her return she was found to have gained 1 cwt in weight and to have completely recovered from an attack of boils, which was one of her complaints.

Diana was delighted to get back to the Hippo House, and when she was released from the travelling-box she trotted over to her keeper to greet him warmly, and then walked straight to the den she has known for so many years.

This autumn Whipsnade is to have some important new inmates in young examples of the moose or elk. The moose is the giant of the deer tribe, and not for very many years has one been seen in the Regent's Park Gardens.

#### THE BUTTONHOLE

On Friday morning, driven from my house by hammering workmen, I met a legal-looking man with a gay little pink rose in his buttonhole, and visions of a lovely garden in the country rose before me. I felt a new woman. I wanted to thank the wearer, but lacked the courage.

Mrs J. M. Bulloch



# Keep the children Healthy

WINTER is on the way with its cold winds, rain and fog. Your children will need ample reserves of strength and vitality to protect them against coughs, colds and other ailments.

For building up their natural powers of resistance proper nourishment is essential. To ensure this make delicious "Ovaltine" their regular daily beverage. It is supremely rich in the nutritive elements necessary to give and maintain perfect health and abundant vitality.

"Ovaltine" is scientifically prepared from the finest qualities of malt extract, creamy milk and new-laid eggs from our own farms. Unlike imitations, it does not contain household sugar or any other cheap ingredient to give it bulk and to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain a large percentage of cocoa. Reject substitutes.

## OVALTINE

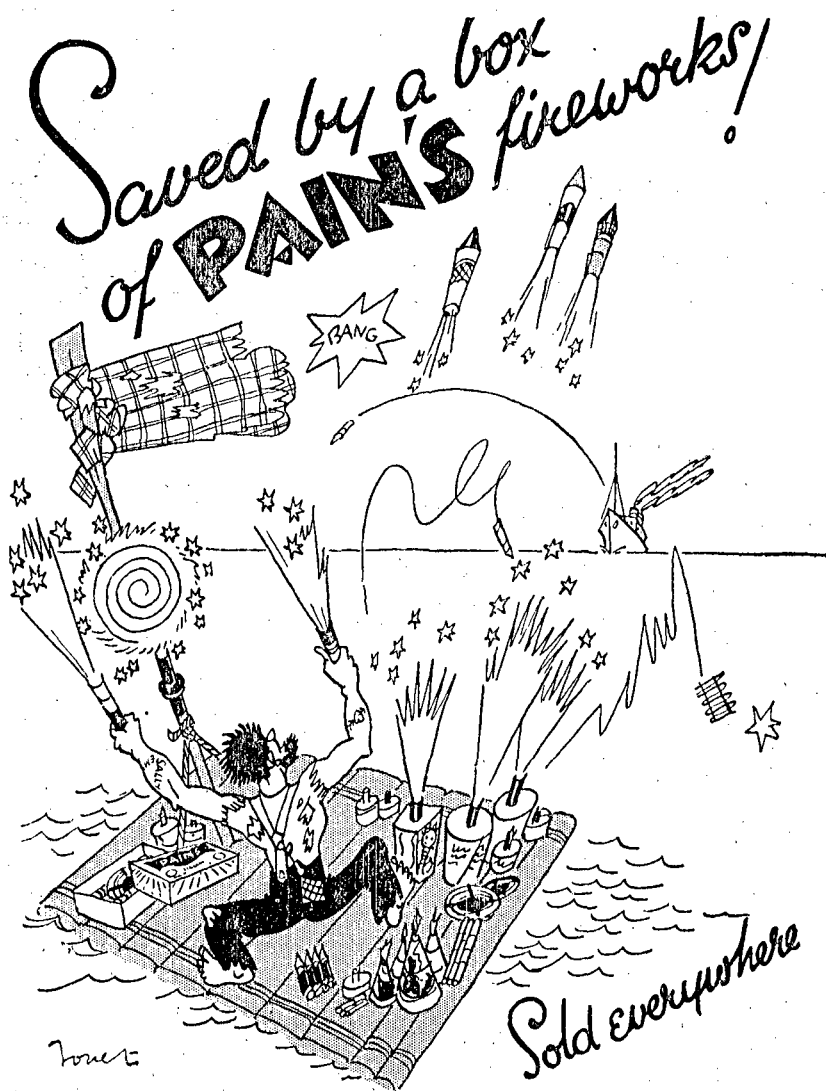
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

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You will have lots of fun with Pain's fireworks—full of fresh and exciting novelties with plenty of bangs, surprises and thrills.

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AND PARTICULARLY FOR

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## A DISCOVERY Fresh-Water Jellyfish

Swarms of small jellyfishes have been discovered in the Bedwellty Pits Lake, near Tredegar. They are the *Craspedacusta Sowerbii*, a fresh-water jellyfish whose habits are of great interest.

This fresh-water jellyfish had never been seen in Wales before. It was first discovered in some of the tanks at the old Royal Botanic Gardens in Regent's Park in 1880. In 1929 it was discovered in the branches of the Exeter Canal, and that was the only place in the British Isles where it was known in a state of wild Nature. Now comes the interesting Tredegar discovery.

There are no tropical plants near the lake, which is fed by two mountain brooks. There is no outlet.

How the jellyfishes got into the lake is a mystery, and as there are only six or seven known kinds of fresh-water jellyfishes in the world the discovery becomes very important.

These are small and saucer-shaped, being about half-an-inch across. They are clear and transparent. All round the edge are over 300 long and thread-like tentacles which are highly contractile.

## BACK TO THE RAILS The Brains of the Tube

British railways, moving at last with the times, are recording bigger receipts, and their stocks are recovering.

In all the country, however, only one railway authority realises what can be done with railway stations. The London Tube System, now governed by the Transport Board, although its stations are necessarily small, makes them bright, cheerful, and attractive, and has the good sense to organise them as shopping centres, with resulting profit.

We want to see every railway follow this example, rebuilding its stations and making them delightful centres in our towns. This done, Back to the Rails may become the motto of millions.

## KING COAL'S MANSION

There is a touch of romance in the news that miners are planning to buy Backworth Hall.

This mansion, standing in 85 acres of woods and lawns, belonged to a Northumberland mineowner.

Now the miners of the Backworth area think of buying it in order to make it a welfare centre. The Central Welfare Fund has promised a grant of £20,000 toward the purpose.

Backworth Hall belongs to King Coal. As in the past, so in the future, it will be run on the profits made from mining, only it will have many owners where once it had one.

## WHO WAS JOHN LOCKE?

Born Wrington, Somerset, August 29, 1632.  
Died Oates, Essex, October 28, 1704.

His father, a country lawyer, had served under the Parliament in the wars of the Commonwealth. Locke's sympathies inclined the same way, which fact, coupled with his ill-health, made it desirable for him to reside abroad (mainly in Holland) until after the Revolution of 1688.

His immortal essay on the Human Understanding was published in 1690, and remains to this day one of the most notable contributions to the philosophy of the human mind. His writings on toleration and government have had a great influence in diffusing free and generous sentiments through European and American systems of government. He at one time intended to be a doctor, and did practise a little.

His skilful diagnosis of the complaint from which Lord Shaftesbury, his friend and patron, suffered was the beginning of their friendship. Newton also was among his friends, and they had long corresponded when mighty things were being accomplished by them in the world of abstract science.

## CHIVALRY The Prayer Book in a War

A very moving story is told by a friend of the late Lieutenant-General Sir William Pitcairn Campbell.

One Sunday morning during the Siege of Ladysmith he gathered together the First Battalion of the King's Royal Rifles, which he commanded, and began to read morning prayer.

The Boers started to fire.

Pitcairn Campbell, without fear or flurry, walked toward the Boer fire holding the Prayer Book over his head.

The Boers saw the book, understood that the men were clustered together for worship, and ceased to fire.

Pitcairn Campbell spoke afterwards of the chivalry of the Boers and their respect for religion. He had felt certain that they would cease fire if he could make them understand what was going on.

It never struck him that he was doing a very brave thing in walking toward the rifles of a foe.

## ANTI-NOISE

### Something May Be Done

We are delighted to see that a group of prominent doctors, lawyers, and others have formed a league to organise public opinion against avoidable noise.

The headquarters of this Anti-Noise League is in Weymouth Street, London, W., and anyone may be a member by paying half-a-crown. Doctors are becoming seriously alarmed at the evil effects of the hooting of motor-cars and the exhaust noise from motor-cycles, and they declare that the harm done to their patients is most serious. They hope to enlist such a strong body of protesters that the Government will be compelled to take action. They may even compel the Home Secretary to see that his policemen keep the law.

## THE PRIVATE STREETS OF PARIS

There are in Paris 1600 private roads belonging to various proprietors who have owner's rights over them and do not always see eye to eye with the City Fathers, especially when it means spending money on bringing their property up to the hygienic level of neighbouring streets.

So it happens that side by side with well-kept city streets are some which completely spoil the general appearance, and are, in fact, simply slums and a danger to public health.

The authorities have been much hampered by the private rights over these streets, so a law has been passed stipulating that alterations recognised as necessary may be executed by the city at the expense of the owners, the city undertaking to collect the money in five yearly instalments.

## THE OFFICE BOY IN FLEET STREET

We all recognise the irresponsible newspapers to which Lord Winterton is referring in this note from a speech he made the other day; and we beg our readers to take their news in these anxious times from worthy papers.

The popular Press is showing a degree of irresponsibility in dealing with international affairs that is a disgrace to our nation, and is infinitely mischievous on the Continent. My own view is that if certain sections of the Press continue with their present attitude wireless will have to be brought in to counteract them.

I can only appeal to people to read the more responsible papers, although unfortunately most of them are on the Right. I say that, although I am on the Right myself.

I can only think that most of the articles on foreign politics in the popular Press today are written by the office boys of Fleet Street.  
Lord Winterton



# THE THREE CHIMNEYS

Serial Story by  
Gunby Hadath

## CHAPTER 11

Felix Rim

THIS unusual sound drew Paul to the foot of the stairs, where he stood with his ears pricked, until all of a sudden he guessed. The room where they had put the new master wouldn't do for him. He was to be moved at once into the other two at the back, which you reached by turning sharp down a queer little passage and then climbing three unexpected steps.

One of these rooms had an oak-beamed ceiling and a blue-painted wainscot; the second, opening out of it by an archway scarcely high enough for a man of average height to pass through, showed a chimney-piece carved with some scenes of a sea fight, and a leaded window with diamond-shaped panes facing straight at the door.

"He might have waited a day or two," Paul muttered to Hannah. For it was these two rooms that his father had kept for his own.

This haste to change such a minor thing as a room now started Paul wondering if his father's successor would be in a similar hurry to make bigger changes. Would he allow him to go his own ways as his father had done?

It was eleven o'clock next morning when his summons came. It reached him from the lips of old Cyrus, who looking, Paul thought, rather strange, informed him that Mr Felix Rim sent his compliments and would be obliged if Master Paul would step up to see him.

This was the first time Paul had ever been sent anyone's compliments, and he gaped because the message sounded so odd to him. Then he nodded, and Cyrus whispered, "In the master's room, laddie?" Aye, the dead man would always remain The Master to Cyrus.

Paul went up post-haste and had turned into the queer little passage when he pulled up short at the sound of somebody singing. It was a man's voice, soft and fluty, that sang to itself. Paul knew the words. They were Stevenson's. Michael Porthgarra, Esther's father, would sing them. But he was wont to bellow them out with a bang. This soft voice was singing each word with a slow, dainty relish:

*Home is the sailor, home from sea,  
And the hunter home from the hill.*

Paul waited a moment or two, then knocked and stepped in.

His guardian looked up from a bowl of soup he was drinking.

"Aye, I'm an invalid, my dear lad," he said, with a smile, remarking how Paul had opened his eyes at the soup. The man's speaking voice was as musical as the tones which had held Paul up an instant ago in the passage. "It's this wretched heart of mine," he explained. "It gives me no peace." He was seated in a silk dressing-gown and slippers. A pair of gold-rimmed spectacles with a medicine bottle and glass stood on a little table beside him.

He motioned Paul to stand more in the light. "There, like that, dear lad," he insisted, "while I run my eye over you."

On the principle that a cat may look at a king, Paul saw no harm in taking a good look himself. The man's face was finely fashioned, his eyes very vivid, his plentiful hair was as white as fresh snow and glossier than silver.

Some fitful sunshine was playing. When this glanced in that fine face appeared a little shrunken and lined. But when it withdrew again, as it did at this moment, those lines, or seams, and that shrunken expression had faded. So that Paul found it hard to guess how old the man was.

"Well, what do you think of me? Are you satisfied, Paul?"

It made Paul start. The fluty voice came with such suddenness, and caught him out so guiltily in his curiosity. "I am sorry, sir," he stammered. "I'm afraid I was staring."

"Oh, well! Not surprising! I hope you find me presentable?"

The words were uttered with a gay enough air, yet Paul wasn't so sure that they hadn't a mocking note in them.

"I was very fond of your father, Paul, very fond of him. We were more like brothers than friends. A splendid man, your father!" The silvery head bent over its soup for some moments. Then the spoon was laid down and the smooth hands dried on a delicate cambric handkerchief. "You and I are going to be like father and son, Paul." And Paul could feel those vivid eyes searching into his own.

"Now, my medicine, if you please," the old gentleman sighed. For unquestionably his voice had turned much older. "You can measure it out for me, Paul. Learn to make yourself useful. Yes—so! With a spoonful of water from that jug, please."

Paul gave him the little glass. He sipped at it slowly. "Now, I'm tired," he murmured. "I'm tired. This treacherous heart of mine! We'll talk again presently. Yes, go now, dear lad. And please go as quietly as possible."

So Paul took himself off. Not much, he considered, of an interview. And what did he think of his guardian now he had seen him? "I'm dashed if I know what to think!" was his baffled conclusion.

## CHAPTER 12

More Changes

PAUL had scarcely finished his breakfast next morning, which he ate by himself, as he always had done, in the living-room, his father being rarely wont to show up before noon, when old Hannah, who was wiping her hands on her apron, and who looked suspiciously as if she'd been crying, uttered in a low voice as she began to remove the things, "Well, today I'm to bid 'ee goodbye, Master Paul."

He started. "Oh, nonsense! You're not going to leave me!" he cried.

"Indeed I be," she muttered, her face bent over the table.

"But, Hannah! Listen! When my father left you that little bit of money of course he took it for granted that you would stay on." Then Paul laughed, as an explanation appeared to present itself. "Oh, Hannah, you haven't been having a quarrel with Cyrus?"

"Nay," said Hannah, and her brown sacking apron went up to her eyes, and he saw, as she let it drop back again, how her hands trembled. "Nay, I've a-talked it all over wi' my man an' we're both o' one mind. We be both goin' to leave 'ee, laddie. We can't help ourselves."

"Can't help yourselves!" echoed Paul. "Whatever's the matter?"

He rose and threw back his shoulders and stood for a moment staring out of the window. "No, Hannah," he said resolutely, "I'm hanged if I'll let you two go."

"An' you can't help yourself either, laddie," she sighed.

"So that's it!" cried Paul, coming round from the window with a jerk. "Do you mean to say—oh, Hannah! Do you mean to say he's dismissed you?"

The old woman seemed to gulp down some words in her throat, then came close to him and touched him upon the shoulder. "Master Paul," she said, "you're a long way more o' a man than there's some in this house would give 'ee credit to be. We'll miss 'ee sorely, but you'll get on without us. My man an' I can't stay where we beant wanted, laddie."

He couldn't believe his ears. "But, look here!" he protested. "My guardian can't have actually given you notice? You don't mean to say he's actually told you to go?"

Hannah nodded, and, turning hastily, hobbled from the room.

Paul ran after her, but she had shut herself into her kitchen, where he heard her sobbing as he thumped on the door. Then he heard another voice, a gruff voice, trying to comfort her, but it was broken as badly almost as hers. He felt trespassing, eaves-dropping, he felt like a spy, he couldn't stay like that, listening to the grief of his faithful old friends.

No, but there was something for him to do.

Without compunction or pause he hurried upstairs. He thought to find his guardian not yet astir, but the old gentleman was fully dressed and poring over a railway guide, which he closed as Paul entered, keeping a finger between the pages he was consulting, and looking up with a pondering but placid expression which seemed to be questioning mildly this abrupt intrusion. "My dear lad, how early we are! How early!" he smiled.

Paul couldn't muster any smile in return. His face was aflame, in every limb he was quivering. "It's about Cyrus and Hannah!" he broke out. "They pretend that they're going!"

"I hope they'll do more than pretend," said Felix Rim quietly.

"But you can't tear them up by the roots!" Paul cried, squaring his chin.

"You feel it? Yes, you naturally feel it, my dear lad. In your case I should feel it, acutely, no doubt; but when we're young, Paul, little partings soon slip out of

Continued on the next page



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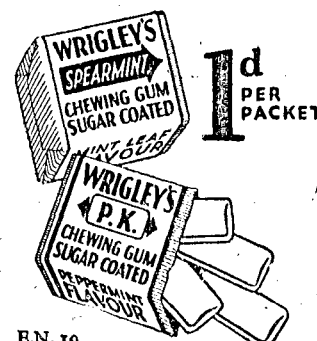
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B.N. 19



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You see, Daily Sketch believes in building up healthy-minded, healthy-bodied boys and girls into splendid citizens of the future. And to bring this about, some years ago Daily Sketch founded the League of Youth. Hundreds of thousands have been made happier for it, and are on the way to becoming sturdy stalwart-minded men and women. To those earnest youngsters, those willing to shoulder future responsibilities, to learn their duties as future citizens, Daily Sketch offers *now* no end of free fun.

## HOW IS IT DONE?

Well, Daily Sketch realizes that young people need encouragement. You can't expect them to become splendid citizens just because Daily Sketch says so. You can't expect them even to work for the famous Medal of Honour such as Amy and Jim Mollison have earned, without letting them enjoy themselves at the same time. But once they get in the way, Daily Sketch believes it will be so fascinating that they'll continue the habit—and gain this Medal of Honour for themselves. And they'll learn the way in the Membership Book given free to each member.

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Directly you enrol and receive your beautiful scarlet and oxydised silver Badge and Membership Book you are eligible for free entry to over so many jolly places. A hundred of them are listed in the handy diary-dictionary-encyclopaedia that you receive free and that slips into your pocket. What a lot of useful information it gives you! And Daily Sketch is preparing, free, a number of delightful surprise privileges.

Among the free entertainments listed in the book (which tells you all about the League) are: Zoos, Pleasure Gardens, Matinées, Pleasure Palaces, and a lot more. See Daily Sketch (Children's Page), but first fill in the coupon and become a Junior Member.

Join the League to-day and you can immediately enjoy all these marvellous privileges. So enrol by sending 1/- P.O. at once to DAILY SKETCH so that you do not miss any of the fun. (After the cost of the Badge and Membership Book has been deducted the rest of your shilling is put in the Good Deeds Fund for the provision of wireless sets in Children's Hospitals; some 22 of such hospitals have already been equipped by League Members. Fine work!)

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<p><b>JOIN TO-DAY.</b>—Fill in this membership application form clearly in block letters. Send it with 1/- Postal Order—enclosing a 1ld. stamped addressed envelope (fairly large)—to League of Youth, <i>Daily Sketch</i>, 196, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1, for your Badge, Membership Book and Diary (this has 132 pages) and towards our "Good Deeds Fund." All boys and girls up to 15 eligible for Junior Section—over 15 and up to any age for Senior Section. Members enjoy many delightful privileges in London and throughout the country.</p>		
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Address.....		
Date of Joining.....	1933.	Age..... Birth-day.....
My P.O. No. is.....		
<p>Make your P.O. payable to "Daily Sketch League of Youth," and cross it " &amp; Co."</p>		

**Get all your friends to come in with you too—it's great!**

mind. Now, come and sit down with me while I tell you about it."

Felix moved across to the armchair by his small table, and, seating himself and drawing Paul into the neighbouring chair, he extended a smooth white hand and took hold of Paul's, which he patted affectionately while he was speaking.

"It is this way," he said. "I am not a well-to-do man, Paul, and I cannot afford the expense of those two old people."

Here Paul would have broken in, but the smooth hand restrained him.

"No, wait, my dear lad. Had they wanted a roof over their heads without any means of securing it I should, of course, felt compelled to make every sacrifice. But thanks to your dear father they have a little money of their own now, so they cannot consider themselves ill-treated, I'm sure, Paul."

"But my father never imagined you would dismiss them."

"That may be," Felix Rim replied, very gently. "But I fancy that your dear father was under the impression that I was better off than I actually am. When I promised him to look after you and keep up this house I did not, as I frankly admit to you, Paul, appreciate how much it will cost to maintain. Perhaps I pictured it as a smaller house, quite a cottage, in fact."

"But Cyrus and Hannah—"

"Yes, yes, I know exactly what you would say, Paul," the patient voice resumed in a kind, murmuring tone. "But we couldn't let them spend their bit of money on us, and we certainly couldn't let them serve without wages. So there it is! I only wish I could have kept them."

"Then supposing, sir—my own money—"

Paul began, stammering.

The old gentleman looked at him oddly. "No, Paul," he answered. "You're generous, my dear lad; generous; youth should be generous. That's very proper, Paul, and I like you more for it. We shall get along all right without Cyrus and Hannah. For bear in mind I'm an invalid, who needs caring for. It's this shaky heart of mine, but I told you that yesterday."

Then he suddenly dropped back in his chair with a sigh, a short, sharp sigh that came through his gasping lips. "Ah, quick!" he panted. "My medicine! There, just beside you!"

Paul snatched up the bottle and glass and measured a dose. He diluted it and put it to his guardian's mouth.

"That's better!" Felix murmured when he had drained it. "Ah, thank you, dear lad, I thank you. What were we saying?"

"You were saying," Paul answered uncomfortably, "that you're an invalid."

"Just so. A wretched invalid laid on the shelf. So I've got a man coming, a previous servant of mine, who knows all my little needs and will do the housework as well. A capital man, Paul. He isn't much to look at; but he's a worker."

So that was it! Old Cyrus and Hannah were flung out to make room for a stranger apparently half-nurse, half-servant. It seemed to Paul so unjust. He wanted to argue; but his guardian was watching him with a sorrowful expression, and cut the ground from under his feet by the next gentle utterance.

"Yes, my dear, dear lad, I know it's a wrench for yourself. But you'll get over it; you'll quickly get over it. And you'll find as you grow older that life's just like that, Paul—meetings and partings, and disappointments and losses. We have to bear them with courage. Be a man, Paul!"

"I was thinking of Cyrus and Hannah," Paul replied bitterly.

"And I, too," his guardian replied in a pained tone. "It will be a wrench to them, I daresay it will, but we must bear it with resignation, Paul, all four of us." Then he leaned back in the chair, releasing Paul's hand, and shook his head with a playful, reproving expression which seemed suddenly to take years and years out of his face. "That's the worst of painful discussions, they always exhaust me," he smiled. "But if this one has made you happier, Paul, then no matter!" And he waved his hand airily toward the bottle of medicine. "You see, knowing your attachment to those two dear souls," he murmured, throwing at Paul a bright little nod, "it was fair, I felt, to give you an explanation of an action which is entirely within my rights. There, run away now," he said faintly. "If I chatter much more I shall have another attack."

"You're sure you're all right, sir," Paul said, as he turned to the door.

"I can manage, my dear lad," returned Felix Rim.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO LENDS A HAND

THE Jacko Family had just sat down to tea one day when there was a rat-tat at the front door, and in came Belinda.

"What do you think, Mother?" she cried. "My new friends at The Wigwam have invited me to spend a week-end with them in the country! Isn't it lovely!"

"It is indeed," agreed her mother, pouring out another cup of tea and pushing it across the table.

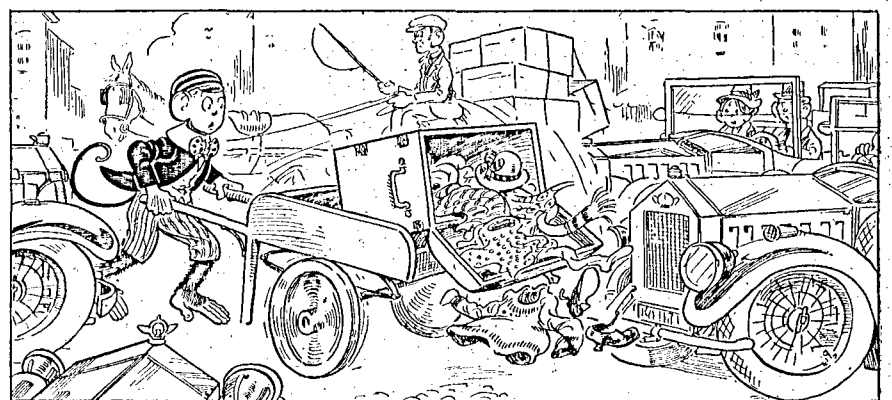
"They're such great people," went on Belinda, taking no notice of the tea;

But Belinda was so happy she didn't care how he teased.

When Friday came she sent him off to fetch a taxi, for, said she, "I could never get that great box on a bus."

Jacko shot off—and came back with the news that there wasn't a taxi to be had for love or money. There were grand doings that day at the Town Hall, and every taxi in the town was taken.

"Oh, what shall I do?" moaned Belinda. "I shall lose the train."



A car caught the end of the trunk

"I only hope my poor things won't look too terribly shabby."

"Never mind about your clothes," said Father Jacko, rustling his paper. "Have a good time and enjoy yourself."

"I mean to do that," said Belinda. "And Joe's given me the money for a new dress. I thought perhaps you'd help me to choose it, Mother."

For the rest of the week Belinda could think of nothing else.

"What a fuss about nothing!" said Jacko. "One would think you were going to the North Pole."

"No, you won't," declared Jacko. "You leave it to me," and he darted off.

He was back in a twinkling, pushing a trolley. He and Belinda hoisted the box on to it and away they went.

"You are a dear boy," said Belinda. "Oh, take care!"

Alas! If only Jacko had been looking where he was going it would never have happened. He shot out suddenly into the middle of the traffic; a car caught the end of the trunk and tipped it over, and the next minute all Belinda's finery was lying in a heap in the road.



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HEROES  
Sixpence every Friday

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

October 28, 1933 Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's  
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## THE BRAN TUB

### Pounds and Shillings

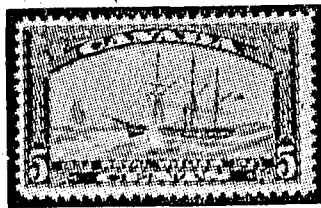
A MAN started out to pay some bills with a certain number of pound notes and shillings. After spending half the amount he found that the balance consisted of as many pounds as there had been shillings and as many shillings as there had been pounds. Can you tell how much money he started with? *Answer next week*

### Catching Sardines

SARDINE fishing is carried on extensively off the coast of Brittany. These little fish are very timid and dive at the least sign of disturbance on the surface. Many fish, cod in particular, are attracted by noise, but sardine fishers approach the shoals with great care and quietness, using a net matching the colour of the sea.

### A Famous Voyage

THE Canadian Post Office this year issued a 5 cent stamp showing the Royal William, which was the first vessel to cross the Atlantic



entirely under her own power. The event took place 100 years ago, and the Royal William was sent over to this side of the Atlantic because her owners thought that she would fetch a higher price than in Canada.

### Oiling Jumbo

ALTHOUGH the elephant's hide is tough it is not able to cope with cold spells, which cause cracks to form. To overcome this elephants in zoos and circuses have to be scrubbed down periodically with thick oil.

About eight gallons is required for the process. Judge, then, of the astonishment of a circus hand who was called away for a minute when he was about to start operations on his charge, and returned to find that the elephant had drunk the oil!

### Ici On Parle Français

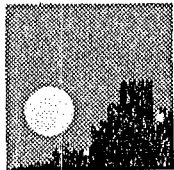


Le pétale      Le lapin      La blouse  
petal      rabbit      pocket

Hélas! la rose perdra ses pétales. Je fais un clavier pour mon lapin. Le billard anglais a six blouses.

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter is in the South-East. In the evening Venus and Mars are in the South-West. Saturn is in the South, and Uranus is in the South-East. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 6 p.m. on Wednesday, November 1.



### Next Week in the Countryside

FLOCKS of wild geese and wild ducks are beginning to arrive. The skylark now stops singing. The missel thrush has begun to sing again. The leaves of the whitethorn and plane tree are falling. Among trees now stripped of their leaves are the horse-chestnut, sycamore, ash, and maple.

### Names

CHRISTIAN names are very varied today, but this was not always the case. In the 14th century Bishop Hatfield made a survey of the county of Durham and found that nearly half the men were named John. About a quarter bore the name William, and if to these two names Robert and

Thomas were added eighty out of every hundred men would be accounted for. One-third of the women bore the names Alice or Agnes. If to these were added the names Joan, Margaret, Isabella, Cecilia, and Matilda more than three-quarters of the women would be accounted for. At this period such names as Mary, Sarah, and Ann were almost unknown. In the matter of names Durham would be typical of the greater part of England, with the exception of the extreme South-West and counties bordering Wales.

### Do You Know Me?

A WANDERING minstrel bold am I,  
I pass from door to door;  
You give me bread but never peace  
Although you call me poor.

My coat of many pieces is,  
As beggars coats can be;  
It is of divers colours too,  
And well it suiteth me.

I bear a well-known Christian name,  
But I'm not that indeed;  
Yet though I'm not a Christian,  
A blameless life I lead.

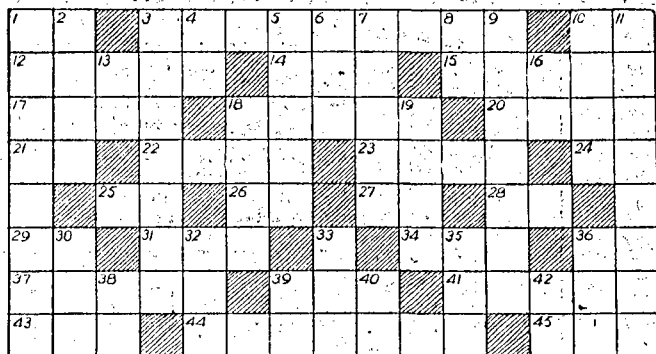
*Answer next week*

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Fourteen Reports. 4 miles an hour  
A Hidden Poet. Wordsworth

### The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 51 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



**Reading Across.** 1. In this manner. 3. Sparkling. 10. Old Style.\* 12. Jewelled head ornament. 14. A purpose. 15. Pertaining to tone. 17. As well as. 18. A standard of perfection. 20. A short letter. 21. Near. 22. Rising and falling of the waters. 23. A percussion instrument. 24. Personal pronoun. 25. An exclamation. 26. Above and touching. 27. Editor.\* 28. Elevated. 29. Introduces a conditional sentence. 31. Snake-like fish. 34. Mother of all. 36. Exist. 37. Approaches. 39. Used when rowing. 41. Active. 43. A jewel. 44. To take places in a train. 45. Answer.\*

**Reading Down.** 1. Accommodation for horses. 2. Greasy. 3. Male relation. 4. Royal Academician.\* 5. Burdened. 6. To occupy a horizontal position. 7. A likeness. 8. New Testament.\* 9. Languages. 10. A solemn declaration. 11. Timbers for railway lines. 13. For example.\* 16. Negative. 18. An image. 19. An open ditch. 30. Payment for services. 32. Compass point.\* 33. Distant. 35. A covered goods vehicle. 36. A repository. 38. Being. 39. Old Testament.\* 40. Same as 4 down. 42. Territorial Army.\*

## Dr MERRYMAN

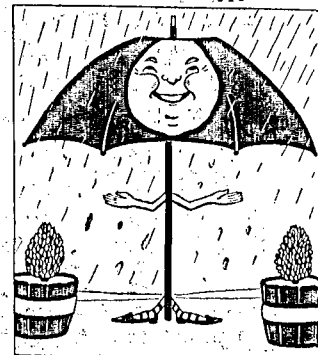
### Smack

JACK: You say he attacked you with a death-dealing weapon? What was it?  
Bill: A fly-swatter!

### Too Bad

THEIR friend Tom was notoriously fond of ice cream. "I saw him eat six dishes of ice cream the other day," said Bob. George appeared to be sceptical. "Don't you believe it?" pursued Bob. "I do as it concerns the ices, but I cannot believe about the dishes," said George.

### Someone's Happy



THE weather is breaking, hurrah for the rain!  
I soon shall be taken for walks again.

So said the Umbrella, as he looked at the sky,  
For weather that's cloudy gladdens his eye.

### No Chance

HE was town-bred, but had persuaded the farmer that he knew all about farm work. He was set to do some ploughing.

"But you told me that you could hold a plough," yelled the farmer as he watched the man's first attempt.

"And so I could if these two horses would stop pulling it away from me," was the reply.

### Caught

CHEERFUL CHARLES: Did you hear what they do with Atlantic liners when they are late? Pessimist Percy: No, what? Cheerful Charles: Dock them.

### Not Engaged

MRS DE SMYTHE had almost decided to engage the applicant as cook.

"And, by the way," said Mrs De Smythe, "Thursday is my At Home day."

"Splendid; it's mine too," replied the applicant. "Maybe we can arrange to receive together!"

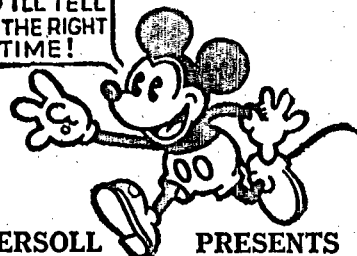


"Growing time is Benger time."



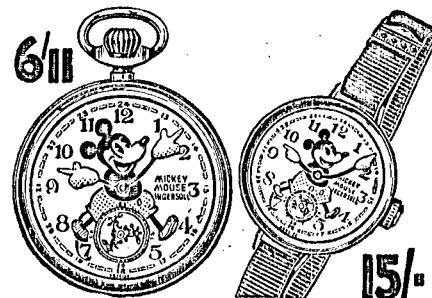
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## TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

THERE was to be a sale of work for the church in the village where Cecil and Katherine and Nancy lived, and their mother was to have a stall.

She was busy making things for it, and asking her friends for things to put on it; and the children told her they were going to give her something.

"What kind of things do you want?" asked Kath.

"Anything useful that will sell, darling," her mother told her.

"Well, I'm going to make a stamp-box," said Cecil, who was good at carpentry, "and paint a design on the lid."

"That will be splendid," said Mummy.

"What can I make?" said Kath. "I know! I'll knit

a pair of baby's socks. Would that do?"

"The very thing," said their mother. "Baby's socks always sell."



She ran into the house

"What can I make, Mummy?" asked little Nancy. "I want to make something for your stall."

"You're too little to make anything," said Kath.

"I'm not!" answered Nancy. "I can paint a picture"—which made Cecil and Kath burst out laughing.

"You shall come and help me to sell, Nancy," said Mummy, hugging her; "that will be most useful."

"No," said Nancy. "I want to give the stall something myself."

But really nobody could think of anything useful that Nancy's small fingers could make. And though, in the weeks before the sale, everybody forgot about Nancy's contribution, she did not. She determined to give Mummy something for her stall.

Then one day she thought of something.

"Do people buy blackberries?" she asked Cook.

## NANCY'S BLACKBERRIES

"They do if they get the chance," said Cook. "People will always buy things to eat."

So the day before the sale Nancy got Cook to give her a nice little basket, and she ran off to the fields behind the garden to gather blackberries. It took her quite a long time, but she filled the basket.

She ran into the house, crying: "Mummy! Look what I've got for your stall!"

And when Mummy saw the blackberries she said: "Those will sell at once, darling!"

And she was right, because Nancy was standing by her stall next day when the first customer came up, and she said: "What beautiful blackberries! Now, I do think that's a lovely thing to sell. I'll buy those, please!"